THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE BELL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw her in life's early morning season,
In infant beauty, like some flower elysian
When morning's dews are on it yet;
And round that opening bud they met,
While tenderly the cadence fell,
Full of joy—the christ'ning bell!
The christ'ning bell!

I saw her in her beauty, when they led her
In maidenhood's young loveliness, to wed her;
Those lovely eyes of joy did speak;
His rose was on her radiant cheek,
As laughingly the cadence fell,
Full of hope—the marriage bell!
The marriage bell!

I saw her once again, all coldly lying,
Beyond the joy—beyond the later sighing:
How perfect was that dreamless rest
With meek hands folded on the breast;
While mournfully the cadence fell,
Like a sob—the passing bell!
The passing bell!

Ah happy!—not for her those faded flowers,
And withered hopes—and woes of later hours!
Why should she linger here to feel
The world's cold shadows o'er her steal,
And hear the bitter, bitter knell
Of joys that die—like tolling bell!
Like tolling bell!

She shall not hear the knell of joys departed;—
That tone of woe that mocks the broken hearted;
There lingers still a tender trace
Of joy upon her death-sealed face;
Then gently let them swell
Thy lullaby—oh, passing bell!
Kind passing bell!

When once the freshness of the heart hath vanished,
And joy from out the world-worn breast is banished,
Then what is left life's wanderer here,
Except the unavailing tear,
And memories sad, which are the knell
Of days gone by—Hope's passing bell!
Sad passing bell!

Oh then 'tis better far, while yet the flower
Is watered by the dews of morning's hour,
To bear it from the stem away,
Not leave it to a slow decay.
Hark! like a voice it fell—
"Better far"—the passing bell!
The passing bell! FRANK.

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &C.

Leonore was sitting alone, and looked up surprised when Miss Copeland appeared.

"Perhaps I am intruding now; shall I come in again? I only want to say a few words to you?"

Her visitor asked this standing by the door with her hand still holding it partly open.

"No, certainly not; come in pray, and tell me what it can be that you have to say to me."

She got up and brought a chair, and with a coquettish air, affected to be surprised and honored by the visit.

"It is such a rarity, you know," she said. "We meet so constantly, and there is so little to demand a private conference, that I don't wonder it seems odd,—please forgive me if it should seem more than that when I am done—for I assure you nothing but the strictest sense of duty could reconcile me to the apparent interference in your affairs."

Leonore raised her brows inquiringly, and having rescated herself on the lounge where Olivia had found her, rose and went over to the dressing-table, which stood close at hand, and leaning on it, looked steadily into the speaker's face.

Olivia seemed confused and embarrassed, and found great difficulty in speaking.

"In explaining why I come to you in this way, I hope you will understand that I do not claim any authority—that is—I speak from no cold or critical motives. Oh, Leonore, feel towards me, if you can, as if I were your friend—your sister—and let my warning reach your heart without rousing your pride or anger."

"What can you mean?" asked Leonore, speaking slowly, and looking a figure of blank amazement.

Olivia cleared her throat, and broke suddenly and desperately into her subject.

"Mr. Raye comes here constantly, in a very singular manner. You do not see society in the usual way; half our friends are ignored by you; but he claims your attention by waylaying and intercepting your walks; and—and acting very inexplicably."

Her first words had been quite calm and grave, but she soon lost her self-possession, and ended in a strong inclination to tears.

Leonore's face lost every shade of color and became a ghastly, disagreeable white. She made a motion towards Olivia, but stopped quickly, and breathed hard, as if in pain.

Her companion seemed to gain courage on seeing her thus affected, and went on hastily:

"I am glad I have not wounded you; I had much rather see you angry than pained; and now I can tell you quietly why I speak as I do. Mr. Raye is notoriously an indifferent husband, and a gay man of the world. His constant presence at The Poplars without his wife, is in itself objectionable; and his mysterious devotion to you, is reprehensible in the extreme; but I hold you perfectly blameless, and am so much interested in your happiness, that I have dared to encounter your anger, and possible misunderstanding, rather than allow you to be the subject of gossip and misrepresentation."

Not a word did the white, hard-looking lips offer in reply; she still stood leaning on the dressing-table, with her gaze fastened on the perturbed speaker, and every line in her face hardening into sullen coldness. She was so altered by her strange look, as to be no longer lovely; and Olivia almost shrunk from the threatening anger of her eyes.

"I am sorry you feel bitterly towards me," she said, "but I have done what I felt it right to do; I am unfortunate in being so objectionable to you since my aunt's wishes have brought us together; and I will assure you that no feeling but duty and principle could have urged me to say what I have said."

Her listener vouching no answer, she turned, and moved towards the door. She had reached it, and taken the handle, when Leonore sprang towards her. Surprised and a little frightened, she started back and almost disengaged the hand the excited creature had caught. It was only an instant that had passed since she had stood looking at the wrathful face—and now as her eyes rested on it, behold it was transformed. It had been cold and hard as stone—now it was bathed in tears, and flashing with the light of appealing love; the deadly color had gone, and a bright flush of blushing feeling warmed it to a glow; the tender light restored her beauty, that gleamed with renewed brilliance after its momentary eclipse. She held Olivia's hand tight clasped within her own, and pressed it eagerly to her breast.

"I was angry when you first spoke—so angry that I almost hated you. A terrible feeling seized me, and I thought you were born to thwart and torment me. I'm sorry—and I beg you to forgive me."

Olivia naturally disliked any unusual display of emotion, and this outburst was almost as painful to her as Leonore's wrath. She fidgeted a little under the ardent grasp the impulsive girl held her in, and answered a trifle coldly,

"I am sorry that I should have awakened any feeling of anger—and glad that you do my intentions justice. It is not an agreeable subject, and I trust it will never be renewed. Good-night."

Leonore dropped her hand and looked at her wistfully but silently. Olivia went out, and this time there was no effort on her part to detain her.

Barbara came and tapped at the door Miss Copeland had but lately left.

"Come in," said Leonore. She stood before her dressing-table, looking inquisitively at the reflection of her own face in the glass. She seemed to know who it was without looking up, and said, as the silent and almost stealthy tread of the housekeeper approached,

"Barbara, do I look like any one you ever saw? My face is growing strangely familiar to myself, and yet it seems less like my own face every day."

"Why, miss, you surprise me—you—"

"I talk oddly, you would say; well, I know I do; I feel oddly, and—and I am not happy, Barbara."

The woman she addressed without looking towards her, stole a glance of such yearning love at her averted face, and caught her hands nervously together as if longing to embrace her.

Her voice did not betray the act nor her expression. She said, respectfully,

"It is natural to be depressed once in awhile, miss. I'm sure you are not often dull."

"I'm not dull now, not in the least. I feel a strange, sad foreboding, and the sense of some inexplicable evil to come; but I am not stupid or blue, as Adah and Bertha call it."

The observant housekeeper, without reply, began unfastening the splendid hair, that it was her high privilege to comb and dress, but said not a word.

The little lady submitted to the process, and lying back in her chair, half closed her eyelids, and fell to musing with an absent face. At last she said, frankly,

"I have been thinking why I like you, Barbara; and I believe it is because you are utterly and entirely alone as I am. I never heard you speak of a friend, or express a word of feeling for any living soul. In that you are like me. I am friendless. Barbara, I do not know the mother that bore me. I am a perfect waif and stray."

The hands that wandered among the long waving bands of hair trembled, and the face above her looked down eagerly into the reflected face before her, but the housekeeper ventured no reply. If her silence were a plan to make the other talk, it was a successful one; Leonore went on, gazing idly on the ground with downcast eyes, and murmuring her thoughts aloud.

"I am like no one else but you; and yet, Barbara, I do not love you—perhaps because you are so stealthy and mysterious in your ways. I like frank, fresh souls, because they are unlike my own; and I think I would learn to be less strange and wilful, if one of them loved me."

"You are greatly beloved by all, miss," murmured Barbara softly. "You have youth, beauty, talent and wealth; what more could a mother ask for her child?"

"A mother would know that love, and the power of winning it, are better than all these, Barbara; my mother never loved me, I should have felt the memory of her fondness; every girl's heart should embalm the remembrance of affection; mine is a chaos of strange faces, a confusion of curious incidents, shreds of mystery, and empty yearnings. Out of such a soil there is but little bloom or fruit. I am utterly alone, and find no comfort or pleasure in myself."

The soft, tender touch of the swift and skilful hands that smoothed and wandered over her hair was the only response to the half-soliloquy of the brooding girl. The minutes flew, and the long, shiny ripples shone in the light that fell upon them, as Barbara's fingers shaped them into flowing curls; the eyes that were partly closed grew heavy, and soon the long lashes swept the cheeks, soft and faint came the gentle breathing, and the troubled heart had left its tangled thread in the skein of life at peace, and rested in soft oblivion a little while. The delicate rose blush warmed upon her face, and her red lips parted in a happy smile, while the poor housekeeper's tireless hands stole gently over her brow. Then Barbara, pausing and holding her breath, looked steadily down upon the slumbering face with all her soul in her hungry eyes.

Would Miss Copeland have known the reticent woman whose imperturbable quiet, broken only during the past time of her sickness, now gave way to passionate and unmeasured tenderness? Certainly not. Barbara had been nervous and irascible, but never affectionate; and the tears of love and devotion that wet the hair she pressed so fervently to her lips, were drops that none at The Poplars had ever seen in those unfathomable eyes.

By-and-by the sleeper moved uneasily and murmured fretfully in her sleep, as if the position were painful. Then Barbara slipping her arms softly around her, raised her as easily in her strong grasp as if she had been a mere infant, and carrying her to the bed, laid her down without rousing her to perfect consciousness. No mother's hands ever fulfilled the offices of love more fondly than the housekeeper's in soothing and covering the scarcely grateful beauty; and a mother's patience and long-enduring devotion shone in her face as she sat down to watch the sleeper's rest.

CHAPTER XV.

A WARNING BLOW.

After Miss Copeland's warning, Mr. Raye brought his wife to make an afternoon visit at The Poplars, and drink tea, like good country neighbors should, without ceremony, he said. He was in gay spirits, and consequently a marked contrast to his rather drooping wife. Mrs. Raye had been absent on a visit to her old home and Uncle Stephen, and being an impulsive creature, could speak of nothing else, although it was evidently a subject little relished by her polished lord.

Miss Copeland rather encouraged it on that account, it would appear, and listened to the poor wife's description of her dear relative, and all the fond delightful memories that came back as she looked around the place of her childish happiness and hope, with a quick glance at Mr. Raye from time to time, which the wily gentleman met with a sweet smile.

"But I am boring you with all this," said Mrs. Raye suddenly. She had paused to wipe away a flood of irrepressible tears that flowed at the allusion to her parting with Uncle Stephen. "How are the dear young ladies, Miss Adah and Miss Bertha?"

"My sisters are well," replied Olivia, noticing that Miss Raye was not named in the question. "They will be in presently, for I have sent to tell them you are here. But indeed your home picture interests me, and your kind uncle, what a noble old gentleman he must be."

The good-hearted lady's face glowed with gratified feeling.

"Oh, indeed you would say so if you knew him. I acknowledge it must be annoying to Lionel to have him so anxious about our affairs, but he does not mean it as interference, it is his love for me, that is really all that prompts him to—to—"

"But where is Miss Raye?" cried her husband at this point; he spoke gayly, and his tone was quick and sudden, as if the thought had just occurred to him, but he stole a warning glance at the speaker, whose confidence he had interrupted, and she sank into frightened silence.

"I am here, happy to be missed and asked for," cried Leonore's voice at the door, and she followed it with her presence, standing rosy and breathless, with her garden hat in her hand, a picture of beaming beauty.

Mr. Raye advanced towards her with bold admiration in his eyes; she passed him coolly, and came directly to his wife. It was evident that lady shrunk from her, though she strove to hide it, and assumed a flurried, nervous manner that she meant for ease.

Leonore did not intend to be conscious of this, and therefore greeted her warmly.

"You have been staying at your old home for a fortnight," she said; "how delightful it must be to go back where there is true old love to welcome you. You once told me about your uncle, and showed me a little picture of him. I can never forget what a fine, noble-looking man he was."

Now this was a theme that would have melted poor Mrs. Raye's heart toward the bitterest enemy in the world. She thawed instantly, and drew her chair a little nearer Leonore, whom she only distrusted and felt uncomfortable with.

"Yes, if you only knew him," she whispered. "I hope some time to persuade Lionel and him to meet each other—is it not unfortunate two such noble men should differ, and the cause be their love for me—but I trust they will be reconciled, and I must acknowledge that dear Uncle Stephen is to blame. Lionel never thought of disagreeing till he began to interfere—what a shocking thing it is to have property, Miss Raye. You cannot think how much I wish for Lionel's sake that I had been poor, it would have saved him so much uneasiness."

Miss Raye's face grew very grave as she listened to the simple childlike tone of trustfulness, and saw the truthful, innocent eyes seek her so appealingly. She was nearly half-a-dozen years younger than the speaker, but Mrs. Raye seemed so helplessly confiding, that she felt old and cunning in comparison.

"I should be sorry to lose my fortune," she said thoughtfully, "it gives me a sense of power, and it ought to be able to give happiness too."

"Oh, mine does not; I think we would be truly blessed if it were not not for the dreadful money, it keeps us continually worried. I cannot explain to any one how I hate it."

Very opportunely for Mrs. Raye, who was flushed and almost tearful on the subject of her troubles, Adah and Bertha entered and changed the theme. They made no allusion to Uncle Stephen or the home visit, so she did not again fall into confidence, and recovering her composure, withdrew from Leonore slightly, and seemed to regard her with reawakened coldness and distrust. It was lovely summer weather now, and Mrs. Wetherington of Maple Hill was going to delight the gay world with a fancy ball in honor of young Barton's birthday. Mrs. Barton's boy being the only man child in a large family, a grand ovation to the heir was arranged, and the ladies from The Poplars were going to be there. It was the first time they had accepted an invitation to so large a festivity, and the twin sisters were pleasantly excited on the subject of what should be worn, and how much odious black propriety demanded should mingle in their costume.

Mrs. Raye took delight in such things also, and the discourse grew animated. Her husband hailed this diversion with satisfaction. Leonore had little to say, she preferred effect rather than discussion in dress, and knew that she had the art of taking them by storm with her exquisite devices. She stood apart and Mr. Raye joined her, he had something important to say—he had discovered the exact truth of some little subject in dispute between them on a former occasion, and possessed the art of making trifles both interesting and important. He was brilliant and eloquent only on small themes, and without a grand motive or noble aspiration his intellect frittered itself away in funny gleams of brightness, content to spend its strength in cunning efforts to gratify his unscrupulous desires.

He had determined to be microscopically correct in all the particulars, so he had made notes on his tablet; they must go to the bay window, that he might consult the writing, which was faint on the ivory leaf. That was what he wished; there they were together, away from the group, who, all enthusiasm, compared gossip as to the Maple Hill splendors. Olivia was not too deeply engaged to be unconscious of the manœuvre. She looked sharply at Leonore, at the proposition, and that glance decided the perverse little creature. She smiled on Mr. Raye and followed him instantly.

The heavy lace curtains fell behind them as they passed beneath the drapery and stood in the clear summer light. Their figures were like shadows behind the screen, but annoyingly clear to Olivia, whose angry glance followed them in their retreat. Unconscious Mrs. Raye was so full of the idea of being a shepherdess in a blue and white silk with spangles, that she was for the moment forgetful of her wandering lord.

"Be Aurora," she persuaded Adah; "your hair is so long and golden, and white and pink would be *so* becoming."

It was an interesting topic, and no wonder the Ladies, throwing themselves into the spirit of it, were unmindful of all else. Nearly half an hour went by, and the two forms still showed their outline through the curtain, and Olivia's eyes watched them covertly while she feigned to join in the character discussion, and submit to the rather modernized dress of Minerva that was improvised for her own adornment.

"If we had a Rebecca and a Rowena, Mr. Wallace would be a grand Ivanhoe," said Mrs. Raye, quite elated at the genius she was developing for fancy dress.

Olivia gave a sudden start and uttered a half-formed exclamation.

"Should you object to it?" asked the distributor of characters, with wide-opened eyes. "I beg your pardon, but I thought it would be exceedingly becoming."

Olivia murmured some unintelligible reply, and remained singularly flushed and displeased looking. She had not even heard her lover "cast" as Ivanhoe; her nervous watchfulness had been rewarded by seeing Mr. Raye, who was standing close beside Leonore, take her unresisting hand and press it to his lips. Mrs. Raye glanced timidly from one to the other of the sisters.

"I did not mean that Mr. Wallace should be suspected of having any love but one," she said, in awkward explanation. "I am essaying the shepherdess, and I'm sure I don't think I ever spoke to a sheep in my life. I didn't mean to say there was a real Rebecca, you know—"

Before she had quite finished her wandering apology, a sharp crash startled them all, and a fall of shattered glass strewed the carpet in the bay window; the same moment Miss Raye ran out, white and frightened, and Mr. Raye followed, his face streaming with blood. His wife's innocent pleasure died out of her face, and with a cry of horror she rose, then fell back and fainted away, partly falling from her chair.

Miss Copeland was the only one who retained the power of speech.

"How did it happen? What is it?" she asked.

Mr. Raye was no hero—he was pitiably startled, and his very lips were white.

"I cannot tell," he stammered, with a cowardly tremble in his voice. "I was speaking to Miss Raye and totally unprepared for such a thing. I beg, Miss Copeland, that you'll allow some of your people to ride to Dr. Wilson's, it's only a quarter of a mile, and this wound bleeds copiously."

He had never once glanced at his fainting wife, but seemed more than necessarily alive to his own suffering. Olivia rang the bell and begged her gardener's son to go at once for the physician; then she went into the window and picked up a sharp and bloody flint stone.

"Pray, Adah, attend to Mrs. Raye; and Bertha call Barbara to bind Mr. Raye's temple. I must see about this at once, or the trace may be lost."

Bertha, the most helpless of young ladies, looked perfectly dazed when left to attend to the wounded man, and Leonore, who seemed scarcely less alarmed, came to her relief instantly by using her own handkerchief.

"What shall I do?" murmured Adah. "Mrs. Raye is going to die. Oh, look at her face, how white it is!"

Olivia returned with a servant, bringing camphor, wine and smelling salts.

"I cannot find Barbara; she had gone to the village for household orders, and we must do the best we can. Give me a napkin, Hetty; that handkerchief is not sufficient to prevent the flow of blood, Mr. Raye."

So with a cold and constrained manner, but perfectly skillful hands, Miss Copeland re-bound Mr. Raye's gashed forehead, and assisted in restoring his wife.

The wound was a disagreeable one, but as it afterwards proved, neither severe nor dangerous. The poor lady herself was quite ill, and regaining her consciousness, was still so pale and faint that she could not stand upon her feet.

"Do not be alarmed, dear Mrs. Raye," said Olivia, pitying her. "I do not think your husband's injury will prove at all serious. It was the fright that was the worst of it. I cannot now discover the origin of such a strange affair, but I am very, very sorry that you are its victim."

"Thank you, you're very good, but I'm so much frightened. Oh, Lionel, cannot you speak to me?"

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg," he said irascibly from the sofa where he lay. "I must see a physician before I can know the extent of the injury."

"Dear Miss Copeland, beg him to go home at once. I am too, too startled to know what to do till we arrive at home. Pray, Lionel, do; our own people understand how to wait on you, and you can lie back in the carriage. Oh, I am so faint and sick."

Olivia endeavored to quiet her.

"I trust you will give yourself no further uneasiness about your husband," she said. "You have alarmed yourself needlessly, I hope. Mr. Raye must decide for himself. The Poplars is at his service, and we will do all we can to remedy the injury so mysteriously received here."

"Send my wife home," he gasped, behind his handkerchief. "I will not move till I see Dr. Wilson."

Leonore had somehow slipped out of the room unseen, and Adah and Bertha now relieved from duty by Mrs. Raye's returning strength, would fain have followed her example, but their sister's eye detained them.

After all, Mr. Raye was absurdly nervous. It was a painful and disagreeable cut, no doubt; but the blood was stopped, and his disturbed manner seemed the result of fear rather than pain. Miss Copeland stood irresolute; the physician must arrive in a few moments, but Mrs. Raye seemed really too ill to remain in her chair. "If Barbara were only here," she thought, "she would drive home with her and see that she was cared for properly. Dear me, what shall I do?"

"Mr. Wallace," said the servant, and Louis followed his name quickly, but stood still on the threshold at the unusual sight of Mr. Raye's figure extended on the sofa, and his wife supported in a chair.

"We have had a strange accident," explained Olivia, hurriedly; "some one threw a sharp flint through the bay window and cut Mr. Raye's forehead. Mrs. Raye is frightened and sick. I am glad you came, for I am almost distracted."

Louis went directly up to the prostrate figure on the sofa and took it in charge, to the unbounded relief of the perturbed young hostess, and the doctor soon following, dressed the wound and administered restoratives of a tranquilizing nature to the lady.

Then it transpired why Mr. Raye had been so ridiculously overcome. He bore the pain with many grimaces, but when the dressing was complete, faltered—

"Tell me the exact truth, doctor, shall I be disfigured?"

The breathless and almost agonized interest with which he hung upon the answer, proved plainly what value he set upon his personal charms, and the doctor's rather brusque reply.

"Pshaw, a mere nothing, only a scratch that will leave you no excuse for the fuss you're making in a week or two;" filled him with such intense satisfaction, that he rose up declaring himself entirely well, and ready to go at once, and allow poor Miss Copeland to recover from the shocking trouble they had made her.

"But if you are really better, Mr. Raye, you must see that Mrs. Raye is not," said Olivia, decidedly. "I wish she would allow me to keep her here till she feels stronger."

"No, no," said the lady, faintly, "I want to go home, please; you're very good, but I want to go home."

"Very properly, I'm sure," said her husband; "home is the very best place for nervous people; and we're boring our friends every moment we stay. Louis, may I trouble you for your arm? I'm a trifle unsteady yet, as you see."

And he was moving towards the door, allowing his wife to follow as best she could, when the poor lady begged,

"Dear Miss Copeland, pray see how it happened. Oh, I shall never know peace again; it seemed like a design, a wicked design to take Lionel's life; and I shall always feel unsafe till it is explained."

"Pshaw," cried Mr. Raye, angrily. "I beg that you will not annoy Miss Copeland with such nonsense. Who would wish to injure me? Why should I be in danger? I insist on your dismissing such absurd fancies instantly. Louis, my good fellow, you will return for my wife. Miss Copeland, I beg that you will forget this little contre-temps when next we meet; good-afternoon." And he bowed himself out with an assumption of ease that did not entirely hide his inward perturbation.

Left with the young ladies, the poor terrified wife gave way to her feelings in disjointed confidences.

"It's perfectly awful, you know," she said, speaking with the relief of tears; "we have had two or three startling things like this happen, within the last few months; and I feel sure we are in some manner surrounded by enemies. I have been written to in such a mysterious way; and worst of all, received a terrible warning that frightened me to death. I saw a wild figure in the Park that looked like a spectre, and made my heart stand still, and my blood turn to ice. It said something I could not understand, about Miss Raye; and I have felt dreadfully afraid of her ever since. Ah, there you are, Mr. Wallace—and I'm so sorry to give you so much trouble; but really I think I am going to be ill—my head feels quite wild."

So Louis silently but kindly escorted Mrs. Raye to the carriage, in the corner of which her husband lay back purposely out of sight, for it had just occurred to him that the adhesive plaster on his forehead was very unbecoming.

The young ladies followed their departing guests to the hall-door, with many expressions of sympathy and kindness; but when the carriage rolled away, all four looked at each other with blank inquiry; and coming back into the drawing-room, sat down to compare their individual confusion.

Adah's and Bertha's was soon told; they were the first to speak.

"Oh, what an odd, disagreeable thing to happen in one's drawing-room;" and "What uncomfortable sort of people to know," they said.

"Now tell me all about it, just how it happened; and what your impressions are as to how it was done," asked Louis of Olivia.

All she could do was to tell him what she had seen; and when she mentioned Leonore's retiring with their guest for such a secluded conference, the young man's brow darkened; and although she did not tell that she had seen Mr. Raye actually caress the little lady, who in her own heart she utterly condemned, it was evident from Mr. Wallace's manner, that he had heard enough.

"Confound the man," he said, wrathfully—then glanced at the younger sisters, and stopped. They, dear girls, were happy to escape; and seeing, by certain signs, that their presence could be excused, flew to their room to talk it over, and ask their little oracle what it all meant.

She was not there, nor could they find her till she appeared at tea, fresh and buoyant in contrast to the rest of the household, who wore depressed and rather distraught airs.

After this the Rays did not appear at The Poplars till after the Wetherington affair. Miss Copeland sent to inquire, and hearing that Mrs. Raye was quite sick, continued to send constantly, until the lady was sufficiently recovered to receive friends, then she and Adah drove over to call, and found her much changed, with the signs of real illness about her, and a nervous, troubled manner, that did not speak well for her husband's care or tender nursing.

This was the day before the fancy party at Maple Hill, and the young ladies were full of delightful excitement on her return. Jean had been there, bringing just what was needed to make their toilets perfect, and intense satisfaction reigned in the breasts of her sisters who had completed the dresses of these respective characters beyond their expectations. Adah as "Aurora" and Bertha as "Proserpine," had studied their costumes from every variety of old engraving representing either goddess, until a wondrous combination threatened to be the consequence, but for Leonore's tact and taste in arrangement. Olivia had yielded to her sisters' desire to assume these fancy robes, and lay aside, for the time, the emblems of mourning, but for herself she resolutely refused to do more than be present at the fete. Louis had not urged her to the contrary, and having nothing in particular to prepare, she spent the day in the garden looking about the grounds, and giving orders to her men on the subject of shrubbery. She felt secure in her garden hat and morning-dress, for every one was sure to be occupied with their preparations for the evening, and she anticipated no visitors. She was not happy, a growing suspicion, like a subtle sting, robbed her heart of peace. Of all human kind, the man who was her affianced husband, was the one her heart would have chosen, beyond him she knew no want or desire; but she was not blinded by her love, and she saw that the love which she gave she did not receive in kind. To her he was the handsomest, brightest, and most noble of men, despite the very faults that she acknowledged whilst she pronounced him so—but although he was ready and anxious to laud her virtues, and call her the best and noblest of women, she felt instinctively that his respect was stronger than his love, and his devotion wandered even when his judgment was true to her. She tired him—horrid thing to be brought to acknowledge—she tired him. It was her custom to be scrupulously correct in trifles, and fussiness he detested—exact and particular in all she attempted, she considered it her duty to have him know her temperament thoroughly, lest he should afterwards make the discovery when too late, therefore she insisted on explaining herself steadily on every point, and he had grown to dread her confidences. Alone with her, he was restless and dull by turns; sometimes exhausted to the last degree of lassitude, and at others nervously repentant and self-reproachful. None of these moods pleased her, for none spoke the language of true love; and so she was unhappy and even undecided as to the future. If he did not prize her now she said, should she be true to herself or him to bind him to her always? She went up and down among the flower-beds, thinking as she went, and the ring of laughter from the open window of her sister's room, jarred upon her thoughts. She scarcely dared to define even in her own mind the feelings with which that gay music filled her. It was a sweet, clear, silver sound, full of mirthful melody; no one but Leonore could laugh so, and she knew its effect on Louis too well to mistake it. Nothing could have induced her seriously to question the strange influence this singular girl held over her lover's mind. She thought it mean and unworthy to doubt him, when he had freely chosen her above all the world, but the unspoken consciousness was the secret sting that stole her heart's rest, and made her life heavy and full of care. What was more disturbing still, Mrs. Wallace noticed it too, and delicately insinuated hints about Louis's love of gayety, and begged her dear Olivia would be less a devotee of propriety and custom, and wear a bright shade about her face, she was really looking pale and worn, &c. Olivia needed no reminder; she was not strictly beautiful, but owed much to her style and expression; both seemed fading—and this morning she had started to see that she looked positively haggard about the eyes. People cannot lie awake thinking without showing the effects by-and-by—she almost shuddered as she turned away. "I'm really growing old," she said.

Turning up a path that led among roses of all lovely colors that met her with the mingled breath of sweet scents, she saw her friend, Mrs. Wallace, coming towards her, wreathed in smiles and gracious kindness, but with an anxious look beneath all, that Olivia detected and felt her heart sink on seeing.

"I said I would come and find you myself, my dear Olivia," she began. "I drove over just for a moment. Knowing you would be busy about costumes and all that, I'll not detain you an instant."

"But I am not busy," said Olivia, quietly. "I am only looking about our flowers, and am very glad to see you."

"Why, my dear, of course you are going in character. Louis enjoys the idea so much that he has quite imbued me with his enthusiasm. I almost wish there were plain elderly classic people, and I should essay a representation myself."

Olivia smiled.

"But you are fortunate," Mrs. Wallace went on. "You are tall and queenly, and have such a range of characters to select from."

"I do not propose to take any, you know," said Olivia, gravely.

Mrs. Wallace started with well affected surprise. "Not take any!" she cried. "Oh, my dear Olivia, do not disappoint poor Louis. It is really too bad to think of such a thing for a moment, and I know you will allow me to persuade you out of such a resolution."

Now, although Mrs. Wallace appeared astonished at her future daughter-in-law's announcement, it was plain to be seen the whole visit was a plan, and the wily lady having seen reason to try and change Olivia's well known decision, had come for that purpose and opened her errand in the above manner.

"Louis has taken more interest in arranging the dress of 'Leicester' from Scott's picture in Kenilworth than I have known him evince in anything else for years. Has he not spoken to you about it?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, there you see, it is meant for a surprise, and I should not have told you. I regret it since I understand his object, and I beg that you will consider the necessity of giving up your objections and meeting him in his own spirit to-night. It is really important, my love. I, his mother, tell you so."

Olivia looked steadily and seriously in her face. "You consider it important to my future happiness that I should assume a character and appear in full dress at Mrs. Wetherington's to-night?" she asked.

"Well, my dear, if you prefer giving it such a business-like aspect, I really do. Louis is not one to be disregarded when he does acknowledge an interest; he seems truly alive to the character, though it's an odd word to use in such a connection, and I feel that you would do wrong not to meet and sustain him in this new phase of action."

"New phase of action," repeated Olivia, slowly. "Let me try to understand the position in which this places me. I am to marry a man who has chosen me of his own unbiassed will to be his partner for life, and I am in danger of losing this man's love if I do not dress for a masquerade. Is this so?"

"No, no, my dear girl, no; how can you speak so? I am quite alarmed at your tragic air. Men differ so, you know; some are governed by passions, some by principles, some by impulses. Louis is a victim to his fancies, and I have never found it safe to disregard them."

"The victim would be me in this case. Louis has a higher nature, and to the reason and judgment of that higher nature I appeal."

The pleasant, smiling matron grew gloomy and impatient. "What would you have?" she exclaimed, petulantly. "It seems a very little thing that Louis should put his taste and fancy into a ball dress, while other men rouse their minds to grand political struggles or heavy mercantile interests. It is all done for a motive, and Louis's motive is to be amused and pleased; he was not formed for sterner conflicts, and you must take him as he is. I have come here this morning to entreat you to change your plan, and I will assist you by every means in my power. If necessary, we can send to New York and have a dress returned by ten to-night. It is too important to be overlooked, and I beg that you will be advised."

"My dear Mrs. Wallace, thank you again and again, but I will go in my usual dress. I could not stoop to such a stratagem. If Louis's heart is mine, a few yards of tinsel will not estrange us; if it is yet to gain, I shall despair of winning it in such a puerile way."

She was very quiet, but very firm, and the poor lady of Riverbend, who really loved and admired her, strove in vain to change her will. So she stayed to luncheon and then drove away, rather low spirited and depressed by her failure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The latest personal report about the Empress Eugenie is that she has a noticeable moustache. Of course there will now be a great demand for hair oil—as there was once in Rome, when the ladies took a notion to try and raise beards. It has been said that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," and men should feel flattered by the numerous attempts made by the women now-a-days, to imitate them in dress, in employments, in making political speeches, in voting, &c. To be like a man, and do as men do, seems to be the height of many women's ambition. Their great quarrel with the world, analyzed, simply comes down to this—"Hateful, that Providence made me a woman, and not that superior being, a man!" Let us men stroke our hairy chins, and proudly say to Mrs. Stanton, Antoinette Brown, &c., "You say you are equal to men, let us see you then grow beards!"

☞ FIVE GENERATIONS IN ONE HOUSE.—The Belfast Journal says five generations recently met in the house of Mr. Dolliver, of North Ellsworth—an infant, its mother, grandmother, great grandmother and great great grandmother—the age of the youngest lady being twenty-four, and that of the eldest ninety.

☞ It is stated that light colored silks will be the fashion for the coming spring.

☞ At a sale in Hines county, Ga., recently, a splendid village residence, with ten acres of improved land, brought $60; a plantation of seven hundred acres was sold for $184, and thirty acres of fine cotton land for $3.

☞ Another relic of the classic age has been found in St. Louis, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, *from the fact of having his name engraved on it.*

☞ By a recent vote of the City Council of Fremont, Ohio, no show will be licensed until all the councilmen have been supplied with family tickets.

☞ The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed a law to prohibit the locking of cars while in motion, and prohibiting also the use of kerosene in lighting them.

☞ The value of land in Paris is given in a table published in the Moniteur, which shows that the highest price of land in that city, is given generally for places in the neighborhood of the theatres.

☞ It is related that near Dantzic a young man of twenty-four, who had married a widow of forty-two, has discovered since the marriage that his wife was his wet-nurse. A French paper comments:—"Thus it is. One always returns to his first love."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBR'Y 22, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

NATIONAL ECONOMY.

However men may differ as to the various financial plans for funding the national debt, and increasing or lessening the amount of the currency, there can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of Economy.

National economy, State economy, individual economy—this is the first great necessity of our position.

Let the Navy be reduced, let the Army be reduced, let all our national expenditures be reduced, until everything is brought down again to the old peace foundation.

Let that expensive parade of our naval power, the great Naval Expedition to Europe—very excellent when we are able to afford it—be called home, with the exception of the few vessels which are necessary for the protection of our commerce in that part of the world.

Let the army be reduced to the lowest possible figure—say 20,000 men—and the balance be allowed to become producers, instead of being merely consumers.

Let all thoughts of picking quarrels with other nations be postponed until we are better able to bear the enormous expenses which war now entails on those who enter upon it. We certainly have had fighting enough—and now have debt enough, as the consequence of it—to last any reasonable people through one generation.

Let the hordes of useless civil officers which still remain fastened upon us, as the result of the enormous expenditures of the war, be set free to add to the wealth, instead of consuming longer the substance of the country.

By bringing down our civil, military and naval expenses, say to only about $70,000,000—or nearly twice as much as we spent before the war—we should be enabled to reduce the present enormous load of taxation, which now does so much to paralyze every department of industry.

Putting our expenses at $70,000,000 in currency, and our interest in gold and currency at $130,000,000, we shall have $200,000,000 in all as our regular yearly expenses, exclusive of bounties and pensions. To meet this we have the receipts from Customs, $175,000,000 in gold. What amount beyond the Customs is needed, can be easily collected from spirits, tobacco, licenses, and stamps—allowing thus the repeal of the oppressive taxes on manufactures, gross receipts, and incomes.

And in reducing our taxation, we should be able to get rid of another horde of office-holders—the tax collectors—who eat up a considerable portion of the very taxes they collect. They would then be earning money for themselves, instead of living upon the country.

Yes, let Economy be the word in the management of all our national, state, city and town affairs. Let taxes be reduced as much as they possibly can. Then industry will be able to rise again, released from its present heavy fetters, and whatever financial policy may be adopted, it will have the very best chance of success.

If this policy of Economy be not adopted—if wanton Waste be still allowed to rule—or if fresh wars be foolishly rushed or drifted into—there is no telling what may be the result. There is a limit to the endurance of every people. Pile the debt, for instance, of another great war upon the present debt, and do wise men need to be warned against what would follow? To read the speeches of many of our public men, and the editorials in many of our political papers, one might often think the leading men of the country had gone mad.

They do not seem, many of them, to have the least perception that the country is fairly staggering under its heavy load—that Economy is the imperative demand of the hour—and that Peace at home and abroad, as the first condition of Economy, has become an absolute necessity of our well-being.

But what the politicians cannot see, the people should see, and force upon their attention. And we trust that the editorial fraternity, without distinction of party, and as the organs of a general public opinion, will unite in demanding of all our rulers, Economy, Economy, Economy!

THE POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE.

The students of this College will celebrate the 136th anniversary of Washington's Birth-Day in the new College Building, Market street west of 17th, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

There will be music, and addresses by Messrs. Alfred Monroe, H. H. Mund, and W. C. Wetherill.

THE GETTYSBURG ASYLUM LOTTERY.—The bill repealing the Gettysburg Asylum Act, has passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and the Auditor-General is authorized to seize the property and assets of the defunct corporation, and hold them for the benefit of the individuals who invested in it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS MANUFACTURES; a Hand-Book of the Great Manufactories and Representative Mercantile Houses of Philadelphia in 1867. By EDWIN T. FREEDLEY, author of a "Practical Treatise on Business," &c. Published by Edward Young & Co., 144 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia. It is hoped that this exhibit of the manufactures of Philadelphia—the largest manufacturing city on the continent—will call attention to those great manufactures of Staple Goods which are especially adapted to the wants of the Middle, Western, and Southern states.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

POEMS OF JOHN EDWARD HOWELL. In Two Volumes. Published by the Author. Press of John F. Trow & Co., New York.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, THE NORTHERN MAGAZINE, and LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February are received, filled with their usual excellent assortment of articles.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS. Cheap Edition. Price 85 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

The Name of God in Forty-eight Languages.

As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysees the other day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming,

"Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying:

"Take this to a printing-office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following hand-bill:—

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah.*	Irish, *Dia.*
Chaldaic, *Elah.*	Oisis tongue, *Deu.*
Assyrian, *Ellah.*	German and Swiss, *Gott.*
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah.*	Flemish, *Godt.*
Malay, *Alla.*	Dutch, *Godt.*
Arabic, *Allah.*	English and old Saxon, *God.*
Language of the Magi, *Orsi.*	Teutonic, *Goth.*
Old Egyptian, *Teut.*	Danish and Swedish, *Gut.*
Armenian, *Teuti.*	Norwegian, *Gud.*
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn.*	Slavic, *Buch.*
Greek, *Theos.*	Polish, *Bog.*
Cretan, *Thios.*	Polack, *Bung.*
Æolian and Doric, *Hios.*	Lapp, *Jubinal.*
Latin, *Deus.*	Finnish, *Jumala.*
Low Latin, *Diex.*	Runic, *As.*
Celtic and old Gaelic, *Dia.*	Pannonian, *Istu.*
French, *Dieu.*	Zemblian, *Fetzo.*
Spanish, *Dios.*	Hindostanee, *Hain.*
Portuguese, *Deos.*	Coromandel, *Brama.*
Old German, *Diet.*	Tartar, *Mayatal.*
Provencal, *Diou.*	Persian, *Kira.*
Low Breton, *Doue.*	Chinese, *Prusso.*
Italian, *Dio.*	Japanese, *Gorzur.*
	Madagascar, *Zannar.*
	Peruvian, *Pachacamac.*

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents, and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness."

"The deuce!" thought Burger, as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

Foreign Wines.

The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Bulletin writes:—"I think no one who does not live here can have an idea of the extent to which Hungarian and Greek wines are becoming popular in Europe. Perhaps the imposing show these made at the Exposition had something to do with it—at all events, I hear of many wealthy French gentlemen stocking their cellars almost entirely with wines from the East. Bordeaux is becoming less popular, for several reasons, than it formerly was. The late crops have been meagre in quantity—poor in quality; prices have therefore risen, while the article itself is inferior. Another reason is, that the Bordeaux wines are now almost universally adulterated, the demands from abroad encouraging this. The Hungarian wines are, on the contrary, pure, the market being as yet uncorrupted; they are generous and fruity, and the white wines from that country are as recherche a thing as you can set on your table. Of course they are here much more expensive than the native vintages. Champagne—the ordinary, which one gets in the shops and restaurants—is very much depreciated within the past year or so. It is made, I understand, all over France (not in Champagne alone) by putting a certain kind of sugar candy, for the purpose, into the ordinary white wine. I would not take a whit away from the pleasure of our *bon vivants* who enjoy their champagne dinner parties so much—but I must say, in the cause of truth, that I suspect that a very considerable portion of the champagne which finds its way to America is thus manufactured, instead of being the real provincial nectar it is thought to be."

☞ The giant specimen of the Dracæna Draco, or the Dragon tree, growing at Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe, was destroyed during the autumn of 1867, by a gale of wind. It was first brought into general notice by Humboldt, some sixty years ago, and was computed by him to be six thousand years old.

☞ The marriage of Patti with the Marquis de Caux is said to have been irrevocably broken off. A plausible reason given for this is, that the fortune of the latter consists of four millions of francs—of debts.

☞ It is said that a "Mr. Evan Hopkins, of England, is satisfied that the crust of our globe is slowly travelling northward, and that in a few centuries New England will be at the North Pole."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—Mr. Miller, of Pennsylvania, from the Pension Committee, reported in favor of giving $8 monthly pension to the soldiers of 1812. The case of John Y. Brown, member elect from the Second District of Kentucky, was considered, and the first resolution reported by the Election Committee, declaring him not entitled to a seat, was adopted.

On the 12th, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced a bill recognizing the new Constitution of Alabama, (defeated on the recent vote,) and admitting representatives from that state. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Doolittle presented a memorial, signed by over one thousand citizens of Alabama, protesting against negro rule, and praying for continuance of military government over the state. It sets forth many alleged grievances and misrepresentations, and concludes as follows:—"Continue over us, if you will do so, your own rule by the sword; send down among us honorable and upright men of your own people, of the race to which you and we belong, and ungracious, contrary to wise policy and the institutions of the country, and tyrannous as it will be, no hand will be raised among us to resist by force their authority; but do not, we implore you, abdicate your own rule over us by transferring us to the blighting, brutalizing and unnatural dominion of an alien and inferior race—a race which has never shown administrative capacity for the good government of even the tribes into which it has always been broken up in its native seats, and which in all ages has itself furnished slaves for all the races of the earth."

In the House, Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for the sending back to their own countries of persons coming to the United States who have been convicted of grave crimes.

THE GRANT-JOHNSON CONTROVERSY.—The additional letters in the Grant-Johnson correspondence were laid before the House on the 11th inst. The President reiterates his statement in regard to the understanding between himself and General Grant, and charges the General with insubordination. Statements of five of the Cabinet members corroborate Mr. Johnson's account of his conversation with the General at the Cabinet meeting on the day of Mr. Stanton's reinstatement. General Grant's letter, without "admitting these statements where they do not agree with" his own, only replies to the charge of insubordination. He shows that Secretary Stanton was recognized in orders issued by the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General.

GEORGIA.—The petition of the state of Georgia against Secretary Stanton and Generals Grant and Pope, to restrain them from carrying out the Reconstruction Acts, has been dismissed by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that it presented a *political question, over which the Court had no jurisdiction. This opinion applied also to the Mississippi petition.* The Court can only interfere where the questions relate to persons or property.

ALABAMA.—The Secretary of the Governor of Alabama has telegraphed to Senator Patterson, that the new Alabama Constitution is defeated by 15,000 majority.

MINNESOTA.—The lower House of the Minnesota Legislature has passed a bill leaving capital punishment, for murder, at the discretion of juries.

IMPEACHMENT.—The Reconstruction Committee, by a vote of 6 to 3, have rejected a resolution offered by Mr. Stevens, for the impeachment of the President. The yeas were Stevens, Farnsworth, and Boutwell—3: nays, Bingham, Beaman, Paine, Hulburd, Brooks, and Beach—6.

GENERAL SHERMAN.—The President has nominated Lieutenant-General Sherman, to be brevet General of the Armies of the U. S. The President has directed General Grant to assign General Sherman to the command of a new department, head-quarters in Washington, to be called the Department of the Atlantic, and including the Departments of Washington, the East, and the Lakes.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A number of gentlemen in Dublin, arrested some time ago for taking part in the Fenian funeral ceremonies, have been indicted by the Grand Jury.

A deputation of the loyal Irishmen of London have presented an address at the Home Office, expressing their devotion to the British Crown. The Home Secretary thanked them for their manifestation.

Another desperate attack was made on the police of Cork on Monday. The assailants were dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

Sir David Brewster, widely known as an English writer and man of science, died on Monday, the 10th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

PRUSSIA.—Count Von Bismarck is sick and unable to leave Berlin, to avail himself of his leave of absence.

DENMARK.—It is said that the negotiations for a treaty between Denmark and Prussia, for the settlement of the questions in dispute, has failed.

ITALY.—A grand banquet will be given at Florence to Admiral Farragut, by the members of the Italian Parliament and officers of the Italian army and navy.

TURKEY.—The cable announces from Constantinople that, on the 9th instant, the Turkish officials reported the arrival of the United States steamer Ticonderoga on the coast of Crete, by special order of Admiral Farragut, and that the American fleet in the European waters will soon rendezvous in force in the Grecian Archipelago.

ABYSSINIA.—Despatches from Abyssinia represent the hostile forces of Napier and King Theodorus as drawing close to each other. Skirmishes had already taken place, but no definite particulars had been received.

MOROCCO.—From Tunis, the accounts of the famine prevailing there are very sad. A correspondent writes that "Famine of the most direful description is decimating the population, owing to a drought and a failure of the crops for the last three years. The Arabs are dying by thousands from cold and starvation. In Tunis alone, eight thousand have died in two months. The streets are full of orphans from three to eight years old, naked and starving, eating the offal they find. To add to their suffering we have a winter of exceptional severity. Mothers abandon their children, or sell them to Europeans for less than a shilling! Private charity can do little, and the embarrassed government not much more."

RISTORI.—Ristori has received a letter from the Emperor of Brazil, offering to pay all expenses of her troupe, and giving her free use of the theatres if she will come to Brazil.

ST. DOMINGO.—President Cabral, of St. Domingo, has fled from the capital, and Hungria has assumed the Government.

Anecdotes of Lord Palmerston.

An enterprising reporter had heard that Lord Palmerston was to be present at an archery meeting in a small country village in Hampshire, and he accordingly posted down to the place, and, like Mr. Macawber, waited for something to turn up. Lord Palmerston's task was to distribute prizes to some half-dozen blushing young ladies, and the whole company present didn't number much above a score. His Lordship performed his task with his usual grace and good-humor, I daresay giving the young ladies paternal pats on the head, but making only the most common-place observations. Our stenographer waited most anxiously in his place until, to his horror, he saw the proceedings brought to a close without a speech from the Premier. This was more than he could stand. He rushed from his corner to the noble Lord, who was getting out of the room as fast as he could. "My Lord—I beg your pardon, but really this *won't* do." "What do you mean, sir?" was the reply of the astonished statesman. "Why, you've made no speech: I've come all the way from London to report it, and I *must* have a speech of some sort." Whereupon, it is on record—and this story is a true one—that the good-tempered old gentleman turned back, and detained the retreating audience for twenty minutes, whilst he gave them a genial dissertation on the good qualities of English women in general, and of Hampshire lasses in particular. On another occasion, however, he made up for this complaisance. He was attending an agricultural dinner, and saw a large gathering of reporters, for the times were critical, and a speech of his certain to be valuable. But he had made up his mind not to speak—no man knew better when to hold his tongue—and accordingly he slyly sent down to the "gentlemen of the press" a slip of paper on which, in his bold round hand, were written the words: "This fish won't bite!"

Disappearance of Persons in New York City.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal gives an alarming statement about the disappearance of men and women in New York:

One of the alarming things of New York life is the numerous disappearance of women and men. The "personals" in the newspapers show this to some extent, but give a limited idea of the real facts. At the office of the Chief of Detectives a list is kept of the young and old who go out from home and are heard of no more. Some run away; some desert their families and are not tracked; many are enticed into gambling and other dens; many are murdered, and are buried in vaults or secret pits, or thrown overboard to float out to sea. The increased number of these disappearances is very startling, and especially are they so in connection with the great number of persons out of employment.

A Plea for the Hen-pecked.

The author of "A Woman's Secret" says a good word for hen-pecked husbands. She avers that the number of them is larger than the world supposes, and insists that the man who is hen-pecked is usually so because of some tender, loyal, chivalrous trait; some faint spiritual insight, by which he recognizes the dignity of the ideal woman, and will by no means, in ever so gentle a way, lay violent hands on its weakest representative. Such men, under favorable circumstances, make the noblest and truest of husbands. Therefore, continues the author, "I say that the woman who aspires to usurp noticeable and unseemly authority over her husband, wounds not the honor of the male sex so deeply as that of her own, and ought always and everywhere to be held, by women especially, in righteous abomination." Let wives who are fond of brow-beating their husbands govern themselves accordingly.

"GLYCERINE."—A day or two since, in one of the trains from Boston, a quiet individual sitting in one of the passenger cars drew forth a bottle, and commenced laving his hands with the contents. The day was very cold and the vicinity of the stove was crowded. One old man watched the bottle-holder's operation with great interest, and finally asked him what kind of stuff he was using. "Glycerine," replied the quiet man. "Glycerine—thunder!" and the old man rushed for the doors. Others caught up the word, and they all rushed into the adjoining cars, leaving our glycerine friend to soothe his chapped hands. Nitro-Glycerine, however, is a very different article from Glycerine.

☞ The highest embankment in the world is on one of our Western railroads; its height is two hundred and forty feet, and its base 730 feet thick.

☞ M. Du Chaillu is our authority for the statement that the Pau tribe of Africans are so very fond of their wives that when the latter die they cook and eat them.

☞ Prince Gorchakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, a rich old widower, had a niece with whom the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the nephew of the Czar, was madly in love. Fearful that the young couple might get married in spite of the inequality of their positions as members of the Russian aristocracy, the Czar suggested to the Minister that he had better marry his niece himself. This has been done, and the Duke is inconsolable.

☞ Wm. Lloyd Garrison says that George Francis Train is on a level with Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, and is fast travelling towards a lunatic asylum.

☞ Neither Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln or Washington Irving, used tobacco in any form.

On the Progress of Native Taste and Industry.

[We copy the subjoined article from the Northern Monthly Magazine, with a view to exhibit the rise and progress of a branch of industry in which each one of our subscribers who is fortunate enough to possess a garden spot, however small it may be, has a direct interest.—*Ed.*]

The ever-growing appreciation of objects which gratify the eye and taste, and tend to expand the mind—the necessary and pleasing result of increased wealth—as evidently diffused throughout our country, is exhibited in many forms: in the enlarged demand for articles of *virtu* and adornment; pictures, musical instruments, now found at every family fireside, elaborate furniture, of Parisian make or mould, and costly equipages, public parks and planted cemeteries, as well as in those things of a more practical and household character, which minister to our wants and supply the daily necessities of life. On every hand is seen improvement and expansion. "The old house at home," with plain, unpapered walls, which once sufficed for every family comfort, is superseded by the ornate cottage or even more stately structure. The Elizabethan mansion, Italian villa, with its ambitious tower, or the castellated pile, perchance, rears its head where, in our boyhood days, the log-cabin, or at best the weather-boarded, barn-like farm-house, innocent of paint or whitewash, with its bucket dangling at the well, and homely worm-fence surroundings, filled the measure of wants in that direction; or if, in some localities of older settlement, the change has not been of so recent date, it is but a generation back, at farthest, when our sturdy forefathers were thus quite content. These remarks apply with special force in the middle, western and northern sections of the Union, where progress is the emphatic watchword, amid the incessant hum by night and by day of countless steam-engines, propelling, at American speed the ingenious and intricate machinery, which evolves, as it were, with magic power, far excelling the manipulation of tiny fingers or sinewy hands, the delicate fabrics or mighty works in metal, which, in their varied forms and details, sum up the fancied and real wants of life in this nineteenth century. How much might be said on so interesting a topic as the world-renowned skill, undaunted energy, and perseverance of our people, who, at home, not content with subduing the gigantic forest, bring from their hidden recesses the coal and metals, conquering the stubborn soil, or conjuring from the brain the subtle machine, or it may be one so plain yet powerful that every European wonders he had not made himself the discovery—yet also enters into active competition (crowned with success on many a hard-contested field) with the time-honored skill of the transatlantic world. These reflections, so briefly and imperfectly expressed, have been induced in part by a conversation on the subject of garden-seed culture, as pursued by the Messrs. Landreth, of Philadelphia, *noted throughout the Union as eminent in their* special line of industry; which, though certainly of very limited extent as compared with many other industrial branches that absorb millions of capital and give employment to multitudes of men, is in its history, and to that we would specially invite attention, not without a useful lesson. It may, if studied by the young, point a business moral, stimulate patient industry, and cheer the aspirant for professional reputation. The progress of seed-culture in the United States is one of the many evidences of the rapidity with which our country moves onward. Forty-five or fifty years ago when the elder in the firm to which we have referred was a school-boy, giving occasional assistance to his father, who was the progenitor in his branch of business in America, and supplied then, as the house does now, much of the demand at home and distant points within the Union, a few, very few acres afforded an ample supply of seeds. With the increase in population, and enlarged clearing of the national domain, this branch of business has kept pace; and the Landreths alone, now have under their immediate personal inspection and control six hundred acres. When it is considered that this large breadth of land is in drill culture, and that on each acre occupied by certain kinds of seed the details are so minute and oft-repeated, before the crop is made, as to equal the labor of ten times the same area in ordinary grain, an intelligible estimate may be formed of the aggregate tillage on the estate of Bloomsdale. Then again, the expenditures for crude manures and fertilizers. What would one of our old-time farmers think of a cash outlay within a year of twelve thousand dollars, independent of the large amount home made? Yet such, we are assured, was the sum disbursed on that account within twelve months. Again, a thousand bushels of wheat equals the average product of well-conducted farms in the wheat-growing districts of the Union. What may be thought of that quantity of turnip-seed alone, and more than half that quantity of cabbage-seed, as among the yearly products of the estate in question! And yet, large as are all the operations thus personally conducted by the firm herein referred to, they have vast fields outlying, comprising many hundreds of acres, under delegated superintendence, on which are raised thousands of bushels of the coarser seeds, such as peas and beans, which do not demand the same critical care as the more precious crops grown at home, under the proprietors' personal inspection. It may well be questioned whether there is within the compass of our country a more clear and gratifying evidence of the result of persistent industry, directed to the same end from one generation to another, than is presented in the case before us; and here is the point to which we referred in a preceding sentence. What has been accomplished by the Landreths may, with equal energy and industry, be achieved by all. Let the reader, if he be a young man starting in business life, take courage, and press forward, ever keeping the goal, success, in view. It is to be regretted that, in this country, the son is so readily diverted from the business pursuit of the father, and the cases are unfortunately the exceptions where a house, in any branch of trade, can date farther back than the existing generation. In the instance we are discussing we find the good old English rule prevailing, and the third generation treading in the footprints of their progenitors; and, judging from present and bygone progress, it may not be distant when those noted cultivators may have as many hundreds of acres devoted to the growth of seeds, as their remote forefather had of single acres. The acorn which he planted has indeed grown to be a stately tree, its branches extending to many distant ports which American commerce reaches. It is not to gratify professional pride or advance private gain we indite this article, but to place on record a commendable instance of persistent native industry, for the benefit of our youthful readers.

The Death of Philip II.

Motley, in his recently published history, gives the following account (abridged by a reviewer) of the death of Philip II., one of the greatest persecutors of those who differed with him in religious views that the world has ever seen. It adds to the great amount of proof, that the most cruel deeds may be done by men who honestly think they are doing God service:—

In the month of May, 1598, the health of the King, who had always been of delicate constitution, began to show decisive symptoms of giving way. He longed to be once more in his favorite retirement of the Escurial, and was carried thither from Madrid in a litter borne by servants. When he reached the palace cloister, he was unable to stand. The gout, to which he had all his life been a victim, had of late so tortured his hands and feet that the mere touch of a linen sheet was painful to him. He was attacked by a low fever, which rapidly reduced his strength. His disease now took the terrible form of imposthumes on the breast and at the joints, from which issued swarms of vermin that bred in his flesh and blood. "No torture ever invented by Torquemada or Peter Titelman to serve the vengeance of Philip and his ancestors or the Pope against the heretics of Italy or Flanders, could exceed in acuteness the agonies which the most Catholic king was now called upon to endure. And not one of the long line of martyrs, who by decree of Charles or Philip had been strangled, beheaded, burned, or buried alive, ever faced a death of lingering torments with more perfect fortitude, or was sustained by more ecstatic visions of heavenly mercy, than was now the case with the great monarch of Spain. That the grave-worms should do their office before soul and body were parted, was a torment such as the imagination of Dante might have invented for the lowest depths of his Inferno."

On the 22d of July, the monarch asked his physician if his sickness was past hope. The latter evaded the question, but a few days after, the confessor of Philip announced that the only issue to his malady was death. He had already been lying for ten days on his back, a mass of corruption scarcely able to move, and requiring four men to turn him in his bed. He expressed great satisfaction at the sincerity which had been *used, gently and benignly thanking them* for removing all doubts from his mind on a subject so important to his eternal salvation. In his confession to the priest, which lasted three days, he declared that in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any one. This strange conviction of his innocence supported him in his terrible sufferings, and accounted in some degree for the sweetness and thoughtfulness for others which marked his conduct throughout his illness. His sufferings were horrible, but nothing could surpass his angelic patience. He constantly thanked his attendants and nurses for their care, insisting on their repose after the fatigues of the day, and ordering others to relieve them in their task. He derived great consolation from the relics of the saints, of which he had made an extensive collection during his long reign. With these sacred bones, he daily rubbed his sores, keeping the precious talismans constantly in his sight on the altar which was not far from his bed. A human skull was placed on a sideboard in his chamber, surmounted with a golden crown. He made the most minute arrangements for his funeral, and having received the last sacraments of the Church, declared that he would talk no more of the world's affairs. "He had finished with all things below, and for the days or hours still remaining to him he would keep his heart exclusively fixed upon Heaven. Day by day as he lay on his couch of unutterable and almost unexampled misery, his confessors and others read to him from religious works, while with perfect gentleness he would insist that one reader should relieve another, that none might be fatigued. Finding that the last hour was approaching, he informed Don Fernando de Toledo where he could find some candles of our lady of Montserrat, one of which he desired to keep in his hand at the supreme moment. He also directed Ruys de Velasco to take from a special shrine—which he had indicated to him six years before—a crucifix which the Emperor, his father, had held upon his death-bed. All this was accomplished according to his wish. He knew that decomposition had made such progress even while he was still living as to render embalming impossible. He accordingly instructed Don Christopher to see his body wrapped in a shroud just as it lay, and to cause it to be placed in a well-soldered metallic coffin, already provided. The coffin of state, in which the leaden one was to be inclosed, was then brought into the chamber by his command, that he might see if it was entirely to his taste. Having examined it, he ordered that it should be lined with white satin and ornamented with gold nails and lace-work. He also described a particular brocade of black and gold, to be found in the jewel-room, which he desired for the pall." The next morning, he took a tender leave of his children, and soon after begged those about his bedside to repeat the dying words of our Saviour on the cross, in order that he might hear them and repeat them in his heart as his soul was taking flight. His father's crucifix was placed in his hands, and he said distinctly, "I die like a good Catholic in faith and obedience to the holy Roman Church."

☞ Some one was praising public schools to Charles Landseer, and said: "All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron; he was a Harrow boy—." "Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns; he was a ploughboy."

Permanent Pictures.

CARBON MEZZOTINTS

FROM LIFE AND COPIES FROM ENGRAVINGS.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

Attention is called to the new Carbon Mezzotints just introduced by WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN, Artists, 914 CHESTNUT STREET and 603 BROADWAY, New York.

This new style of portraiture, which is making such a stir in the art abroad, is produced by no other establishment in Philadelphia.

The merits of these pictures are:

ABSOLUTE PERMANENCE.

Being printed with the same material as that used in Steel Engravings, they are free from chemical changes.

SOFTNESS.

They present no such hard lights and intense shadows as are common in the ordinary chemical photographs, but the lights are soft and the shades transparent, as in nature.

FINISH.

From the nature of the materials used in these pictures, they have an artistic finish which is unattainable by the former method of printing.

The public are invited to examine specimens at the only Gallery where these pictures are furnished.

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN,
914 Chestnut Street.

☞ HOW WORDS ORIGINATE.—It is curious to study the origin of words, and see how new ones are coined from year to year and introduced into our language. A new word is easily started in life, if it be only appropriate. When the first schooner ever built on the coast of Massachusetts slid from her stocks and floated gracefully upon the water, the chance exclamation of an admiring bystander, "O, how she scoons!" drew from her contriver and builder the answer, "A scooner let her be, then," and made a new English word.

☞ At a ball in New York a few evenings ago, some of the ladies had three servants to hold up the trails of their dresses.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar0-cowtf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

LET not your mind be troubled, or your body become enfeebled by the pangs of Neuralgia, Nervache, or any other nervous complaint; but on their first appearance, partake of DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. It stimulates the *nerve fluid* and defeats these diseases. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the best pain reliever in the world; in cases of severe and dangerous burns and scalds, apply it freely, and at once the sufferer will be relieved, and easy in a few moments. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. feb22-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. LEWIS B. HARTMAN to Miss LIZZIE M. BEWLEY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. ALBERT E. RAMSEY to ANNA M. BAKER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. HENRY LEHNERT to Miss JULIA BATES, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Pattison, Rev. T. M. BOYLE, of Alton, Ill., to Miss KATE KEEHMLE, of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. DAVID WHITE to Miss MARGARET J. CRAIG, both of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. J. A. Bomberger, Mr. WILLIAM R. VANDYKE to Miss ELIZA MATTHEWS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 11th instant, JAMES JONES, in his 40th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH ENOCHS, in her 54th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY KEICHLINE, in her 87th year.

On the 9th instant, EDWIN D., son of Edwin and Ann J. Allen, in his 23d year.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH D. WILLIAMS, in his 63d year.

On the 9th instant, MARY ANN, relict of the late Wm. Carlyle, aged 67 years.

On the 8th instant, FREDERICK W. MILLER, aged 74 years.

On the 7th instant, FRANCIS E. DOWDEL, wife of Wm. Layton, in her 29th year.

On the 7th instant, ISAAC ABRAHAM, Esq., in his 86th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.*

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium Lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4;** Four copies, **$6;** Five (and one gratis) **$8;** Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12;** Twenty (and one gratis) **$28.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

How Muskrats Swim Under Ice.

Muskrats have a curious method of travelling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. They then rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and ice, and then take it again, and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in this way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described, when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.

A CERTAIN judge, who was notorious for carrying the practice and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, and asked a magistrate who was present if he would take some venison. "I thank you, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to take some boiled chicken." "That, sir," testily answered the judge, "is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take some venison, sir, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without any further prevarication?"

THE TWINS.

Twin roses on one stem,
Twin cherries on one bough,
Twin rubies in one diadem—
A perfect pair, I vow.

I know not which is sweeter,
I know not which is rarer,
And if I had to grapple
The question of the apple,
And *pulchrior detur*,
I'd not know which is fairer.

Sweet music, and its echo sweet,
A swan and its reflection—
Such is the pair of twins complete,
A duplicate perfection!

Was ever poor mortal
So troubled as I am?
To Felicity's portal
I feel that I nigh am,
And not very shy am!
But what can I do
When I cannot discover
Of which of the two
I am truly the lover?
Then pity me, who
Am condemned for my sins
To be deeply in love with the beautiful twins.

There's Ethel, the fair,
With the rose in her hair,
I think she's the lov'lier—almost—of the pair—
Especially, too, when her sister's not there!

But when Maud's in the way,
Well! I really can't say!
For Maud has such eyes
For color and size,
And they've both necks and shoulders
That dazzle beholders,
And voices as sweet as the throstles in May.

Oh, blest is the fortunate fellow who wins
Either one of the beautiful, beautiful twins!

To what can the poet distracted compare
These beauties so rare?
At a loss for a figure I am, I declare!

They're the new double-barrel Dan Cupid is armed with
(His old bow and arrows he's no longer charmed with,)
The prize double-bloom out of Beauty's own green'us,
A charming two-volume edition of Venus!
All nature admires them! The beasts and the birds
Find joy in their glances—delight in their words;
And no fish so cold blooded but twiddles his fins
As he drinks to the health of the beautiful twins.

Oh, what shall I do,
To decide 'twixt the two?
For each is so neat,
So sweet and complete!
Oh, my course of true love has arrived at a hitch,
For I mustn't wed both, and I can't decide which!

I've tried to decide
Which to take for my bride,
But my puzzling all ends in the way it begins!
At a loss what to do
For a choice of the two,
I exclaim to myself,
Poor unfortunate elf,
"Since I can't marry both—oh, why wasn't *I* twins?"

Women's Husbands.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ZIG.

There ought to be a chapter written on the subject of Women's Husbands. It would be something new in the natural history line, and besides that, like a moral circus, it would be both instructive and entertaining.

And it's easy enough to study, is this chapter. All you need do is to place yourself in a comfortable position near a church door, some fine Sunday morning. Then keep your eyes open. That is all. Each variety of the genus Husband will pass before you on dress parade.

He who advances earliest will be a very small and a very thin husband, with a very large wife. He was suddenly arrested, some years ago, by the imposing military commander, his wife, and he has been kept under arrest ever since. He will infallibly remind you of an unhappy spider caught in the act of running away. Besides that, you will think of a harmless little man caught by his coat collar on a large meat hook, and hanging in a state of suspended animation, with his helpless and hopeless arms and legs dangling in thin air. He wears in church for his Sunday face, and at home for his week-day face, an expression of being continually pounced upon and kept under. Yet it is clear as daylight that all the watchfulness of his military commander is required to keep him in his sphere. When he blinks under his half-shut eyes at the young lady in the next pew, he says as plainly as he can blink it: "I'd run away if I dared—if I dared." But he doesn't dare. His wife might chuck him into a clothes-closet for half a day at a time, and he would never once venture to resent it.

Now, supposing one were obliged to choose a husband at all, which one isn't, fortunately, the least desirable article in market would be the Unhappy-Spider Husband. For it must be excessively awkward to take about and show off a live monument of one's skill in hectoring! As Gail Hamilton says, a man ought to be submissive, of course; but you don't want him to *look* so. I should think not.

Next after the Unhappy-Spider Husband comes in, by proper rhetorical rule of contrast, the Absolute-Monarchy Husband. He always carries a cane. He is fat and prominent. He chews tobacco. He is heavy and loud. And he has a bald, bullet head, which ought to be punched for him about once a week. He always blows his nose with a blast of doom at the church door, and makes so much noise coming down the aisle, that if you didn't know him to be a very common individual, *uncommonly* vulgar, brassy and pompous, you might think the Lord of the White Elephants was coming into church. His religion is of the bluest orthodox stripe, and he reads out loud every Sunday morning in his family the chapter about Wives be Obedient to your Husbands. He holds the family purse and makes all the family purchases, even down to a bar of yellow soap and the children's stockings. His wife, poor soul! doesn't dare to select her own bonnets. Feminine subjection can go no farther than that! Oh! if he just had some women you and I know, for his wife, instead of the scared, nervous creature whose daily purgatory he constitutes! There are women now and then whom bellowing cannot frighten. How beautiful it would be if the Absolute-Monarchy Husband had got such a one. But by some hitch in the fates he never does get her. His wife is always some poor, meek, timid little woman whom he worries and bullies into her grave, in a few years, and then looks out for No. 2. The Absolute-Monarchy Husband generally sends from two to four wives to heaven, in the course of his married life. For it is against his religion to be wifeless more than six months at a time.

Then next you will observe coming in, always promptly, sometimes with, sometimes without his wife, the Husband who is Devoted to Business. He comes to church in a business way, marries in a business way, and treats his wife as his silent partner in the dry-goods and grocery business. He looks forward to heaven as a good place for speculating in gold. He sits in church while the minister is preaching from "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and calculates how much ten thousand bushels of oats will amount to at an advance of two cents and a quarter on the bushel. And when the choir sings "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," he reckons up how much the present freeze will affect the price of wheat next fall.

His wife always dresses well, enjoys herself in her own way, and cultivates a sentimental friendship for her husband's book-keeper. The Devoted-to-Business-Husband is an unsurpassable money-making machine, but he has not the shadow of an idea how to spend it. It is the book-keeper who understands that branch. So madam goes to theatres, parties and picnics with the book-keeper, practices ducts with the book-keeper, and occasionally elopes with him. The Husband who is Devoted to Business need not be surprised. He is a good soul in his way, but he is as out of place in a parlor as one of his barrels of mess pork would be. He sits among the kings of trade, but in society he is what Western young ladies call "a perfect stick."

There is another member of the class Husband whose wife almost never comes to church with him. He is usually the escort of some handsome and well-dressed lady-acquaintance. It requires no marvellous powers of discernment to name him the Husband who is Polite to Every Man's Wife but His Own. If a spunky woman had him for a husband, she'd shoot him. She ought to. He always dresses exquisitely, flourishes the finest handkerchiefs and the most expensive perfumes. He is a great art and theatrical critic, and a frequenter of green-rooms. He prides himself over his nice taste, and tells all his lady-friends what colors suit their complexions. He is a universal favorite with those ladies whose husbands are Devoted to Business.

He is also a contemptible puppy. He dines out sumptuously, while his wife at home replenishes the inner man with tea and cold mutton. He is too refined to wear darned gloves, but his wife carries home the cabbage and potatoes from market without any gloves at all. He would run his boot-heels off to signal an omnibus for another man's wife, while his own wife walks home in the rain. He buys a new cravat and white kids, and takes another man's wife to the opera, while his own wife is at home in a faded calico, and the four children down with the measles. He assures Mrs. Goldgrain that the innocent prattle of children is altogether delightful to him, and once at home among his own children, swears at his wife because she can't stop that dashed noise. His wife is to him a female creature who mends the stockings which he wears out dancing attendance on other men's wives.

There is but one other left. You might go to church every Sunday for a month, and not notice him, although he would be there; for he is a man whom you cannot spot by his disagreeable peculiarities. I mention him with something of a diffidence, for he is the Kind of Husband I Should Like myself. He is sometimes of one complexion, sometimes of another, but he always has a beautiful moustache, keeps his boots blacked, and doesn't insist that the word *obey* be put into our part of the marriage service. He is polite to all womankind, rich and poor, young and old, but ever politest to his own wife. She is his first-best; and always his most earnest thought is how he may double her joys and halve her sorrows. He is sometimes rich, sometimes poor, but always a gentleman without reproach.

The Kind of Husband I Should Like doesn't become coarse, slovenly and selfish, as the years of his married life grow apace. Not he. His wife says he is just as gallant and thoughtful towards her to-day as he was the first day they were married. And there is an indescribable grace and beauty of manner about him which he did not have ten years ago. You will never meet of an evening at his house, the assembly which poor Elia tells of, that dreadful, doomed

"Party in a parlor,
All silent and all damned."

No indeed.

You better believe his wife appreciates him. She would die for him. Well she might, for such a Husband as this changes the dreary household grind into sweet, heartsome music. You may depend it isn't *his* wife who runs away with the book-keeper.

☞ Charivari has its pop at the intervention in Italian matters. "Why don't you study your Roman history?" says a schoolmaster to a lazy pupil. "I am waiting for it to be finished," is the reply.

☞ Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. The same is also applicable to women and boys.

KISMET.

In the glinting of the gloaming,
With its streaks of golden red,
With its gathering purple curtains
With the evening star o'erhead,—

Like a silver gem imbedded
On a bank of velvet black,
Showing in the amber setting
Of the dying daylight's track,—

I met 'neath the acacias
My chrysolite of girls,
Sunny Marguerite the golden,
My pretty "pearl of pearls."

Her blue eyes to me are load-stars,
Each brown ringlet is a snare
To enslave my heart in meshes—
O, *why* are women fair?

Why do birds fall to the fowler?
Why do moths fly to the flame?
Why do tiny sparks fly upward?—
Can you give that fate a name?

"It is destiny," say women;
"It is kismet," say the Turks;
"Magnetism," say the sages;—
Yet still the soft spell works.

And 'twill work, and work for ages,
Till the ocean meets the sky;
'Twill be writ on all life's pages
Till the ink on them grows dry.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The Physical Degeneracy of Woman.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Are we right, O men and women of this age! when we hurl such wholesale censure and anathema upon the weaker half of humanity, for their physical degeneracy and unfitness for the duties of life?

There is ever a cause for a consequence, and would it not be wise to look back a few generations among our robust muscular grandparents and see if among the much lauded habits of their time we cannot discover some of the present trouble?

Let us take a practical illustration from actual facts of the past.

Eighty years ago, a young man and a young woman of robust health, abounding in vital force and muscular strength, full of ambition and enterprise, concluded to become husband and wife. * * *

Not to go further into detail, let us follow this young man and his wife. She married, accepting here fate and giving her all into his hands. They moved in a one-horse cart from Massachusetts to Central New York; their entire possessions having come from the wife's father as her inheritance. The husband was twenty-one, the wife twenty years of age.

A wild tract of Government land on the banks of the Genesee was bought. It was infested with wild beasts and wilder Indians, and covered with heavy timber.

At first they camped out, sleeping in their cart. Soon a cabin was rolled up and a clearing was begun. Twenty years after there was a fine farm here—house, barns, cattle, and horses, and there was a family of twelve children, born of this woman. We will let her tell her own story:

"I worked night and day," she used to say to her daughters. "I never knew what it was to sleep enough. I never had a nurse girl. There were none to be had. I nursed you through measles, mumps, whooping cough, fever and ague, rheumatism—everything.

"We soon had a large dairy, flocks of sheep, and great corn and wheat fields. These required work hands to wash for, cook for, and make beds for. I carded, spun, and wove the wool with which we were clothed. I knit the stockings and did the sewing, and, as child after child was added, I felt that I had more burdens than I could bear.

"Your father seemed to work harder than I. He bought wild lands, speculated, farmed, was a politician, a great man, and never had a minute for his wife and children. He built mills, drained rivers, laid out towns, and when my twelfth child was born I was forty-five years of age and pretty well worn out. We were worth thousands upon thousands, but we had not one really brave, strong child. Four of the boys went to college. Two died young. Their father said they should never work as he had done for a living. They had all the money they wanted and it ruined them.

"My girls were all good housekeepers. There were eight of them; but they all seemed weak and good for nothing. I thought father and I had worked too hard. I knew I had. I noticed that men raising stock never let their breeding animals, male or female, work hard.

"The girls and boys all married but one, and when I was sixty years of age I had fifty-four grandchildren, but only three daughters left. All wore out young and faded away."

We will end the story.

Not one son lived to be forty years of age. One died a drunkard, one of dyspepsia, one a terrible death of dissipation and sin.

Of the fifty-four grandchildren many died very young; but there still remain of the descendants of this couple over two hundred people, down to the great-great-grandchildren, and of them all scarcely one can be considered healthy, athletic, and strong, among either the men or the women.

The sins of the fathers have been visited upon the children to the third and fourth, aye, even to the fifth generation.

Whose fault is it if the fourth generation of women are feeble and unfit to be mothers? This hard-working, overtaxed mother taught her eight feeble girls that it was terrible to work so hard and have so many children. —*The Herald of Health.*

☞ NOTICE.—The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church:—"This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish; and those whose wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grab, parish clerk."

☞ The cat is a drawing-room tiger, the lizard is a pocket-crocodile.

Trapping Animals.

In summer the fur-bearing animals change their coats, and their skins are utterly worthless. It is not till the beginning of November that the new fur is glossy, thick, and of a rich color; and some animals, such as the beaver and the muskrat, are not in perfection till the middle of winter. A trapper must therefore be able to withstand the severe cold; he must be an expert woodman, for he will have to build his own hut, and to fell trees every evening for his fire—and the forest fire must be of pretty considerable size, or the traveller will be frozen to death; he must be able to cook his own dinner, and to catch the materials for it too; he must understand the stretching and curing of skins; he must be a first-rate pedestrian, and able to travel under a heavy load. Mr. Newhouse furnishes us with two specimen lists of a trapper's outfit, one of which he is pleased to call luxurious, the other more suited to a hardy and experienced backwoodsman. We begin with the goods which a man of many wants must carry on his back:—A change of clothing, which should be woollen or flannel. A flannel bag to sleep in. A cotton tent, weighing two pounds and a half; a double-barrelled gun (rifle and shot,) with ammunition, and fishing-tackle; an axe; and plenty of tacks and nails. For cooking, he must carry "a frying-pan, a camp-kettle, a hunting-knife, some knives and forks, spoons of two sizes, a few tin-pressed plates and basins, and a drinking cup. Above all, he must not forget to take a good supply of matches and a pocket compass." The weight of these articles is estimated at twenty-five pounds. Then there are provisions to be thought of, and the traps. Five pounds' weight of the former, and twenty of the latter, are set down as a proper quantum, making the weight of the whole burden fifty pounds. With less than that it is said that no one should attempt to undertake trapping on foot. The provisions will of course be such as the trapper's gun and fishing lines cannot procure for him, such as sugar, tea, salt, Indian meal, white beans, &c. The old hand dispenses with many of these articles. Mr. Hutchings, who has trapped for half a century, takes a double-barrel gun, a hatchet, two knives, a camp-kettle, a frying-pan, a pint cup, and a spoon. He never takes an overcoat, and contents himself with a single blanket. His line of trapping extends from twenty to forty miles, and, consequently, there is no lack of walking exercise if the traps are diligently inspected. Venison is the staple food of the trapper, and fish if he likes it; but an industrious hunter will find plenty of squirrels, ducks, partridges, quails, pigeons, prairie fowls, &c. The favorite method of forest cookery is as follows: Take a trout of three or four pounds, cut a hole at the neck and abstract the intestines. Wash the inside clean, season with pepper and salt, or fill it with a stuffing of bread crumbs. Rake open the embers of the fire, put in the fish, and cover it over with the hot ashes. Within an hour take it from its bed, peel off the skin, and devour the trout with all his juices preserved. Game is treated in the same way, except that the bird is cooked in its feathers, which have been previously soaked in cold water. When the cooking is finished, the burnt feathers and skin are peeled off, and the bird within remains tender and succulent. In regard to drink, Mr. Newhouse and all his friends are strenuous enemies to spirits.

I am undecided, to this day [says a member of the Oneida Community, who takes part in these expeditions,] which of these two characteristic institutions of the North woods is the worst, the whiskey or the mosquitoes. The rule is, I believe, that any one who can drink the whiskey can endure the mosquitoes; and, *vice versa*, any one who can endure the mosquitoes can drink the whiskey.

Another old hunter says:—

Those who wish to be comfortable [against insects] had better leave rum alone. I am satisfied that mosquitoes and gnats rarely trouble any one whose blood is not in a feverish and unhealthy state. . . . . I have fished from a canoe at nightfall, when these insects arose like clouds, apparently from the water, without material discomfort, while my companion suffered agonies. I told him (as a joke) it was because I was a Radical and he a Copperhead.

It must certainly require great determination to resist a glass of hot grog when the thermometer is within a few degrees of zero; but if abstinence has any effect in warding off the attacks of mosquitoes, few would hesitate to deny themselves. It is a curious thing, as Mr. Lord has remarked in his travels in British Columbia, that mosquitoes are worse in cold climates than in hot. When the whole face of the earth is frozen, and scarcely a bird or a beast ventures to show itself, those wretched insects are more greedy for blood than ever. The North American hunter endeavors to shield himself from their attacks as best he can by huge wood fires; but, after all, he is generally obliged to grin and bear them. Mosquitoes got tired of old hunters, and novices anoint themselves with lard scented with essence of pennyroyal, to the odor of which the insect has a strong objection.

The average success to be obtained in these expeditions may be estimated from the returns of Mr. Holland and Mr. Gunter, two companions who farm in the summer and trap in the winter. In 1863 they caught ninety-eight minks, fifty-two martens, fourteen fishers, ten otters, fifty-three beavers, five wolves, thirteen raccoons, seven foxes, and two hundred and eighty muskrats. In 1864 they had eighty-nine minks, forty-seven martens, nine fishers, nine otters, ten foxes, six raccoons, two hundred and forty muskrats, five wolves, and sixty-two beavers, besides an abundance of deer each winter for their own supply. Those who devote themselves exclusively to muskrats may probably make a much larger bag; but then their skins are very much inferior in value to those of the beaver, the mink, the fisher, and other animals. In six weeks a party from the Community succeeded in catching seven hundred muskrats, but they had little else for the furrier. It is of course needless to say that a knowledge of the habits of the animals for which he is in search is an all-important branch of the trapper's art, for thereby the creature may often be made to assist in his

own destruction. Thus all the aquatic fur-bearing animals make for deep water directly they find themselves in danger. In order to drown his captive, the trapper makes use of a contrivance called the sliding pole. A pole is cut from ten to twelve feet in length, with branches on the small end sufficient to prevent the ring of the chain from falling off. The ring is slipped on the large end, and the small end is inclined over the deepest part of the stream. When the animal is caught in the trap, which hangs by a short chain attached to the ring, he plunges to the bottom; the ring runs down the pole to the small end, where it is held fast to the bottom of the stream, and the captive, being unable to rise again, is speedily drowned. Beavers in particular are caught in this way. The land animals, again, if left in a trap on the ground, will either bite off their own legs to get free, or will be devoured by some other animal. The trapper uses a springpole for these, so arranged that when the fisher or marten is caught in the trap it struggles to dislodge the pole from its fastening, and, springing up with a bound, the trap is carried high into the air, and the animal hangs so that it cannot escape by self-amputation, or become the prey of anything else. In the case of the otter, its love of frolicking brings it to ruin. Otters, like children, have a peculiar taste for sliding down wet and muddy banks. These slides are found all along the streams that they inhabit:

The otters are frequently seen wandering in troops of four or six up or down a stream, and travelling for miles over hills and through swamps, from one stream or lake to the nearest point of another. In their rambles they make it a point to have a game of antics at every slide on their route.

Availing himself of this propensity of the animal, the trapper places his trap at the top entrance of these slides, and when the unfortunate victim returns for his gambols, he finds them of a sudden cut short in the most unpleasant manner.

The Church of the Catacombs.

Outside the gates of Rome were large subterranean excavations, extending under the city, and far into the Campagna, called "Catacombs." These excavations were formerly sand quarries, dug out by slaves, for the purpose of obtaining *tufa*, a kind of sand used for cement. The openings or entrances to each quarry were, and are still, scattered about in different parts of the city and Campagna, forming altogether an immense subterranean network. These catacombs were at first the lurking-places of robbers and murderers, but were afterwards turned to purposes of concealment by the early Christian, who, during seasons of danger or persecution, hid in them, worshipped in them, lived in them, died, and were buried in them. The period in which the Pauline church flourished was a period of suspicion, persecution, and cruelty. The primitive Christians were always objects of persecution in one form or another—that is, with the exception of one or two brief seasons, when the imperial throne was occupied by an emperor favorable to Christianity—and the safest hiding-place in Rome, were in its dark, winding, subterranean caverns. The traditions and legends handed down to us—the historical records of the early church—but above all the many affecting mementoes of these Christians still existing in the catacombs, or preserved in the Vatican Museum, abundantly prove these facts. The catacombs abound in small chambers or chapels—approachable only by tortuous passages—and tombs for the reception of the dead, in many of which skeletons and bones have recently been found. On many of the slabs, too, there are inscriptions for the most part, roughly carved and badly spelt, relating to the buried ones, with the monogram of Christ, or the simple words, "Laid to sleep," "In Christ," "In peace," affixed. Occasionally, a few words of eulogy on the departed one may be given, but more generally the name only is inscribed with one of the phrases just quoted, and a symbolical sign, such as an olive-branch, a dove, a fish, or a ship; the olive-branch signifying the peaceful character of the religion of Jesus; the dove, an emblem of the Holy Spirit; the fish denoting Christ; and the ship, the earth. Here among the tombs of their departed friends, the early disciples used to meet, and remote from all the haunts of men, read of Christ, and offered worship to Him. Here, undisturbed by fanatical intruders, or persecuting soldiery, they worshipped Him who is a Spirit, "in spirit and in truth."

How a French Officer Marries.

An officer in the French army finds it no very simple matter to get married. He has first to make a formal request of his colonel for permission. He certifies to the condition in life and moral standing of the bride elect. The colonel sends the demand to the general commanding the department, who sends it to the general commanding the division. If the bride lives in another district, he writes to his fellow-officer of the division in which she does live. The demand then descends the scale from the division-general to the brigadier, who writes to a *commandant de place*, who consults a commissioner of police and a mayor; then the mayor and commissioner reply to the *commandant de place*, who replies to the general of the division, who sends his answer to his *confrere*. The demand then goes to a marshal, and if he does not exact any further information, he proposes to the Minister of War to ratify the permission; coming from the hands of the postman, the packet is unsealed by a clerk, who adds a stamp, a subordinate reads it, sends it to another clerk, who puts a number above and records the number on another sheet of paper, with an analysis of the affair; this sheet is then signed by a chief and subchief, then goes to a director, who sends it to the *chef de bureau*, he gives it to his deputy, then an orderly clerk reinscribes the number of the packet, registers it and sends it to another, who makes a report of the analysis. The three members of this last bureau then record the whole, the chief then signs it, submits it to the director, who submits it to the minister, who accepts or refuses. If the bride and groom are still living when the arrangements are concluded, and think it worth while to get married for what little time they have to live, the marriage is consummated.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not lead me stray;
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content—
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil;
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will:
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can ought my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEWS OF WAR.

Reader, have you never made one at some pompous dinner-party, where the viands are good and plentiful, but the talk is slack and not worth hearing, and but for your good-fortune in being neighbor to the only pleasant person in the company, you would have wished yourself, I do not say at your club—for it is probable there are few dinner-parties whereat you would not do *that*—but even at your bachelor lodgings with a chop and a pint of stout? The master of the house appreciates your conversational powers, and has even asked you, you shrewdly suspect, for the very purpose of making the entertainment "go off," which even now hangs fire like a damp squib. The company acknowledge your mental superiority, although your opinions may be too "advanced" or high-flying to be grasped by their dull and sordid intellects; and yet you feel that if it was not for that plump and pleasant little neighbor of yours in white muslin, the whole affair would be utterly insupportable. This was something like the position in which Valentine Blake found himself after some months' residence at Dewbank Hall. He was as popular there, in a negative sort of way, as it was possible for any man to be among such people. Where there is no Love, there is generally but little Liking, and neither his host nor hostess were capable of even the latter spiritual effort; but Mr. Woodford was well convinced that the man he had engaged to be his son's tutor was doing his work in a conscientious manner, and he showed his sense of it by an expressive silence. I doubt whether any word of praise—save self-congratulation—had ever passed the lips of Ernest Woodford. He was one of those who consider that all men are bound to do their duty towards *them*, without acknowledgement, and that their own duty mainly consists in finding fault when it is not done; the absence, therefore, of reproof from the Black Squire was, to a well-constituted mind, equivalent to the highest commendation.

Mrs. Woodford was even more demonstrative: she had roused herself twice or thrice from her habitual lethargy, to say a few words of thanks to Valentine for the manifest improvement that was apparent in Master Bentinck. She lifted her heavy eyelids and saw, with what would have been surprise in another, that the young man now made his appearance in the drawing-room before dinner, and with clean hands, instead of coming straight from the stable to the dinner-table; he would speak when he was spoken to, and ceased to keep up a certain dissatisfied growl, with which he used to favor his friends and relatives, when his father was out of hearing. The bear was certainly being licked into shape, though whether the system pursued had affected him beyond externals, was still doubtful. Valentine, always ready to believe the best, was sanguine about this; Mr. Woodford, on the other hand, was suspicious and cynical. He allowed Bentinck behaved himself better than of yore.

"But you don't know that boy as *I* know him, Mr. Blake: you may depend upon it there is some reason—and not a good one—lying at the bottom of this improvement: you flatter yourself it will prove deep and lasting; I tell you it is temporary and shallow. Now, mark my words, sir; I don't know what mischief it is he's planning; but Ben is overreaching you at this very moment."

Valentine smiled at this, but was obliged to own to himself that he had spoken more hopefully about his pupil than his own convictions quite warranted. He was well aware that he had not succeeded in winning the stubborn lad's regard, though thanks to their first meeting, as much as to anything that had subsequently taken place, he had managed to extort his respect. Not even the brutal and lawless refuse allegiance to the dauntless heart when coupled with the strong right hand; and it was with the intention of increasing his means of influence that Valentine narrated to the lad those occurrences of warfare and adventure in his former life, to which his own natural humility would otherwise have forbidden him to refer. He felt little better than a pitiful boaster, when sometimes, in the description of some stirring scene of peril and combat, Miss Evelyn would glide into the pupil-room, and beg of him not to cease, for that what he was saying interested her to the full as much as her cousin Bentinck. If anything like the feeling which grew up between Desdemona and the Moor arose in consequence of these stirring narratives in Evelyn Sefton's bosom, it was not, to all appearance, reciprocated by the tutor. Whether mindful of the tacit promise he had given to Mr. Woodford, or because his heart was in reality pledged to another, he made no sign of love. His behavior to his employer's niece was gentle, chivalric—even tender; but so it was to all women, including Mrs. Woodford herself. But he unquestionably took pleasure in Evelyn's society, without which life at Dewbank Hall would indeed have been melancholy enough.

Among other plans for the amelioration of his impracticable pupil, the influence of the Press had been brought to bear upon him, as though he were some social evil. History and geography in the abstract the young gentleman could not be induced to imbibe, but Valentine imagined that some interest might be evoked for them out of the events of the time. The period—that of 1848—was pregnant with events. The irrepressible nationalities were asserting themselves; and the peoples "barking for the thrones of kings." Wars and rumors of wars were arising on every hand in Europe, and the theological prophets were appointing a new and early date for the end of all things; a time when tyrants began to remember that they had a crick in their necks, and to hasten to render themselves constitutional, until the trouble should be overpast, and they might be able to reconsider the matter with judicial calm. It was curious to mark the contrast between tutor and pupil, reader and listener, as they sat with (the only thing they had in common) the great broad sheet of the *Times*, between them—the one so full of enthusiasm, of passionate hope, of belief in the might of Right; the other without one gleam of interest in the great motives of action that influenced either side, but not indifferent to the exciting details. The conflagration of Europe ranked in Bentinck's mind with a highly spiced police report.

"I should like to be at a sack," observed he frankly upon one occasion, when Valentine, with burning cheeks, was reciting some horrible act of Austrian repression in Lombardy, the treating of some defenceless but suspected city as though it were a town taken by assault.

"You don't know what you say, Bentinck," replied the tutor, with grave severity. "Such a scene transforms even the bravest men to brutes. I remember when we were cut off by the Imperialists in the Lagunes of St. Catherina: their vessels were as five to one, and they had seized the only channel which gave access to the sea. It was only a question of time, when they should drive us, as the net drives the fish, into a corner of our narrow prison, there to capture or destroy us. Then Giuseppe put in practice a stratagem which another hero, Robert Bruce, had taught him centuries before. He caused huge carriages to be built, very strong though very rude, and placing our ships upon them, dragged them, with a hundred oxen yoked to each, through a long ravine by a road half-land half-water. It was a three day's journey, notwithstanding that the masts were taken out, so that our vessels scarcely looked like ships at all. The anxiety and toil were excessive, but we reached the sea at last. Then, when the very existence of our little fleet was denied or discredited, we sailed down upon a Brazilian stronghold. We were by that time commanded by another general of superior rank to him who had so miraculously brought us out of peril; our men were burning to revenge their recent hardships, and the town was given up to pillage; God pity and forgive us all!"

A look of indescribable compassion and horror came over Valentine Blake, and he passed his hand over his eyes, as though to efface some terrible vision.

"And what did you do?" inquired Bentinck, with considerable interest. "Did you shoot anybody?"

"I? Yes; I shot one of my own men," returned Valentine, hoarsely; "and yet I would do so again, just as I would shoot a wild beast, if—— Hush; here is your cousin."

"News, news!" cried Evelyn, entering the room in haste with that day's newspaper, just arrived, and streaming from her hand like a banner; "the Austrians have fled from Milan!"

"Are you certain, Evelyn?—Miss Sefton, I mean," exclaimed the tutor, starting to his feet.

"Nay, Mr. Blake," returned she, smiling, "I am not 'our own correspondent,' but certainly it is so stated here. Radetsky left the city at midnight. All Lombardy is aglow with war. Here, you can read it yourself."

Valentine seized the paper with tremulous fingers, and ran his eyes down the long double-leaded column with eager haste. Presently, they caught a particular sentence, and straightway shone with joyous light, then softened, as they glanced towards Evelyn, into something like regret."

"Bentinck," cried he, excitedly, "you must have a holiday this morning; I can think of nothing else besides this glorious news."

The young gentleman nodded approval, and without waiting for further permission, escaped through the glass-door that opened on the lawn.

"Mr. Blake," cried the girl, with quiet earnestness, "why have you never told us your friend's name, but always called him Giuseppe?"

"Because that *is* his name, Miss Evelyn," answered Valentine, smiling, "and the one by which I always new him."

"Yes, but not the one by which he was known to others. He has started for Milan, has he not? It is Garibaldi."

"It is Garibaldi," repeated the tutor in reverent tones. "I could not have borne to hear his name coupled with unworthy prejudices—misapprehensions. Forgive me, Miss Evelyn."

"And you are going to join him, Mr. Blake," continued she, without heeding his last words. "I read it in your face."

"Yes, my sword is vowed to him. My duty"—pointing to the sentence with his finger—"lies this way."

"Yes, and your wishes," answered Evelyn. "Come; be frank, and own it."

"Would Miss Sefton desire that my wishes should lie apart from my duty?" answered the tutor, gravely. "No; I am sure she would not."

"And yet *you* have no country's wrongs to redress, Mr. Blake."

"That is true. I have no country, no home, no friends even— Great Heaven! what is this?"

Pale as a corpse, Evelyn would have fallen on the ground, had Valentine not received her in his arms. He had not noticed that for the last few minutes she had only supported herself by aid of the writing-table, and that the words she spoke had been uttered in a hoarse unnatural key. He could not help touching her white cheek, which was as cold as ice, and as he did so, the very contact seemed to set the blood flowing through her pale blue veins. She opened her large eyes, and then blushed crimson.

"I am so sorry to have been so foolish," said she with difficulty, as he placed her tenderly upon the couch. "I have never fainted in all my life before. I suppose it must have been the heat. Thank you; yes, I should like a glass of water."

The tutor flew for the refreshment in question, and sent it by the hand of Mary Ripson: perhaps he wished to relieve Evelyn from embarrassment; perhaps he did not like to trust himself again so near his employer's niece, under such interesting circumstances, notwithstanding the pre-engagement of his own affections. He did not even tarry in the house, but took a long walk over the hills, from which he came back only just in time for dinner. A visitor was being lionised over the little church as he passed the door in the morning; and on his return, perceiving the sexton working in his garden, Valentine called to him over the low wall to ask him about the stranger.

"He's a Mr. Fosbrook," returned the old man, peevishly; "and not much count, I should think. I showed him both church and church-yard, and he only gave me a threepenny-piece. I hope he'll be more liberal to Dr. Warton."

"Why so? Is the gentleman ill?"

"Well, he *says* so," continued the old man, in his grumbling key; "although I can't say as I see much the matter with him. He's a-staying at the *Wrestler's Arms*—a pretty place for an invalid, to be sure—and when the doctor went to see him this afternoon, he asked him to dine wi' him. But he'll not give him much of dinner, you may take your oath; and I shouldn't wonder if he never gave him a fee. However, there's one thing," added the old fellow, with a leer: "whatever Muster Warton gets for his advice, it'll be more than it's worth."

"The doctor's bad to-day, is he?" returned Valentine, carelessly, although he was well aware that the cynical sexton was not referring to any temporary ailment.

"Well, he's no worse than usual, as I know on," was the gruff reply. "But he's getting as peevish and fretful as a child. He'll make no old bones, he won't. I shall have to make his bed for him before six months are out—ay, or sooner than that."

The cloud which sat on Valentine's brow when he left the Hall had thinned a little during his walk, but now grew darker even than before. On his way out, he had caught a glimpse of Mr. Fosbrook's face, and thought it was not altogether strange to him; but other reflections had occupied him, to the exclusion of that circumstance. Then suddenly, as he neared the church, again a suspicion had flashed upon his mind, and caused him to interrogate the sexton. The old man's replies convinced him—if he had needed conviction—that Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy had given way to those sentimental emotions, at which his mother had hinted, so far as to visit Sandalthwaite in person, although (perhaps to avoid the soft impeachment) he was doing so under an assumed name.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LIGHT IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Such a tempest of rain and equinoctial winds swept the valley on the evening that Valentine made the discovery narrated in the last chapter, that not a villager stirred out of doors. The rain-drops beating in sheets against the windows, and the roaring of the fir-trees as they bowed reluctantly before the gale, made up the only music heard in Dewbank Hall that night; for Evelyn did not, as was her wont, take her place at the piano in the drawing-room—word was sent that Mrs. Woodford felt more indisposed than usual, and that her niece would remain up-stairs to nurse her.

"A nice household I've got," observed her husband savagely, upon receiving this intelligence; "not only a sick wife, which is worse than none at all, but one that always wants somebody else to look after her, and that somebody the very one that *I* want. She knows that music is about the only thing I care for—but what of that? Evelyn must watch her going to sleep, it seems; and I'm to be left with nobody to amuse me—at least, of course, Mr. Blake, I'm very glad of your company; but if you were a servant instead of a tutor, it would be just the same; while, as for Bentinck, he's off to the stable the moment he has had enough to eat and drink. Mrs. Woodford might just as well have presented me with a colt, as with that boy."

The main advantage, however, which Mr. Woodford was wont to derive from the harmonies of the pianoforte, was upon this occasion made up to him by nature; for at his usual time, and in his usual place—the drawing-room sofa—the Black Squire dropped asleep. Glad enough to be thus released from his task of companionship, and left free to grapple with his own pressing thoughts, Valentine seized his waterproof cap and cloak, and stepped out into the roaring night. Under any circumstances, this war-worn, travel-tried man paid little attention to weather: if he wished to take the air, the "wet," for which even the Hardy among stay-at-home folk entertain such genuine respect, never stood in his way; but to-night the strife of the elements was in unison with his own contending emotions, and the heavy rain and furious wind beat gratefully against his fevered forehead. It would not have been easy even for a native of the place to have found his way, in that bewildering storm, through the pitch darkness of the avenue; but Valentine Blake steered himself so well that he reached the open road without the least mishap. It was late enough for all of the good people at Sandalthwaite (who kept much better hours than the Black Squire) to have retired to rest; but at all events there was only a single light to be seen in the direction of the *Wrestler's Arms*, and which he rightly concluded to stream from the spare parlor (there was but one) on the upper floor, at present in the occupation of Mr. Woodford Murphy, and where he was probably at this moment supplying his only too willing guest, the doctor, with fiery potations. But although there was much that was suggestive and even suspicious to Valentine in the meeting of those two men, his mind was at present occupied with more important, or at least more personal matters: his promise given to Garibaldi that he would join him whenever the time might come for Italy to draw her sword; his duty to Mr. Woodford, with respect to throwing up so suddenly the charge he had undertaken in Bentinck; and a certain other question, in which his conscience was still more troubled, and inclination and obligation at open war—these considerations occupied him wholly as he strode with rapid though aimless steps through the unheeded storm. Still, his faculties, trained in the school of the forest and the prairie, were fully alive to external things, and he was brought to a halt as abruptly as though he were looking for nothing else, by a flash of light from the churchyard.

It was not lightning, for although almost as swift and sudden, it did not light up the landscape; but it was far brighter and more quickly quenched than any gleam which could have come from the old sexton's horn-lantern. Valentine Blake was by no means a superstitious man—fear in any shape, so far as himself was concerned, was quite unknown to him; but a light in Sandalthwaite churchyard upon such a night did seem somewhat eerie and uncanny even to him. He did not waste time, however, in guessing what it might be, but hastened his steps, which were already bent in that direction, towards the spot from which it proceeded. He knew the exact locality, because the light had been flashed *down* upon him, and the only elevated place in the little cluster of houses which he was approaching was the God's Acre. This was surrounded on two sides by the stream that issued from the lake, and which had now become a furious torrent, rolling the huge boulders over and over in their rocky bed with such a din that no one thereabouts could have been aware of the approach of Valentine as he crossed the high stone bridge, even had he been a horse-soldier at full gallop. Without troubling himself to feel for the gate, which he knew was somewhere upon his right hand, he vaulted over the low churchyard wall, and then remained motionless, feeling sure that he should presently see the light again, since it seemed improbable that the person who carried it should have seen all he needed in a single flash. Nor was he disappointed. Scarcely had he taken up his position, when the dark-lantern, for such it was, was once more unshaded, and this time for a sufficient period to let him see the immediate objects upon which it was turned. These were almost close beside him—so close that he was himself within only a few feet of the broad line of light—and consisted of the following: item, a little open grave, from which the turf had apparently been just removed; item, a duodecimo coffin, the nails whereof, rusty as they were, glinted in the rays of the lantern; and item, Mr. Woodford Murphy leaning on a spade, that afforded a very convenient prop to his trembling limbs.

"There, that's the box!" exclaimed the light-holder, invisible of course to Valentine, but the husky indistinctness of whose tones announced him for Herbert Warton, as surely as the noonday sun were shining full upon him. "You have only to take the lid off, Mr. Fosbrook, and you will find I have not deceived you."

"I had rather not," returned the shrinking youth, in his thin and quavering voice. "I am not used to this kind of thing."

"Damme, sir, and neither am I," returned the doctor with irritation. "I am no more a body-snatcher than you are. If the look of the coffin is sufficient for you, well and good; you may put it back again as soon as you like. But don't stand staring at it as though it would bite you, till half the village is brought out at it too."

Thus adjured, the unfortunate "Woody"—ghastly pale and terror-stricken, and yet with a certain greed in his weak eyes that, coupled with his occupation, gave him a strong resemblance to a Ghoul—knelt down upon the sodden earth, and strove to insert a corner of the spade so as to prize up the coffin-lid; but his trembling hands could effect nothing.

"What a lily-livered young rogue it is!" exclaimed the doctor impatiently, after watching those impotent efforts for nearly a minute. "Here, give *me* the spade, and do you hold the lantern."

And now the light began to assume an appearance truly Will-of-the-wisp like, and one which might easily have been taken by the scientific for an "exhalation," or by the superstitious for a "corpse-candle." In the doctor's fingers, its gleam had been far from steady; but in those of the young visitor from the metropolis it wavered this way and that, so that Valentine looked upon his own discovery as certain, albeit he was very unwilling that it should take place before he had found out what strange thing the two confederates might have in view.

"Confound you, put it *down*," roared the doctor (they both had to speak at the top of their voices, although they were scarcely a yard apart.) "One would think it was St. Anthony's Fire, instead of a dark-lantern. It is very fortunate that you are not the only fool in the world, or we should certainly have the sexton down upon us. But he too believes in ghosts, and would scarcely set foot in his own churchyard after night-fall. Fancy!"—here the doctor paused in his sacrilegious work, and laughed within himself, exactly as Valentine had often seen him do when about to tell some humorous anecdote—"when a dog gets in here at night, Mr. Fosbrook, and scratches at a grave; or if a storm, like this, tears away the turf a bit—as it will be seen to have done to-morrow morning—the idea of this good man is, that it is a sign that the folks below are in want of company, and that there will be a death in the parish within twelve hours. Now, ain't that odd?"

"I wish you would make haste, sir," exclaimed poor Woody fervently. "The longer we stay here, the greater risk we run."

"Pooh, pooh, Mr. Fosbrook. There is no

risk so long as you have got your skin full of good liquor. No man ever caught cold when he was drunk; and if you are not drunk, sir, you ought to be, that's all. Where's the brandy?"

"I was not thinking of catching cold, sir; I was thinking—"

"Give me the brandy," interrupted the doctor angrily; "that's worth all the thought in the world. You've been drinking it, young man, as you came along; yes, you have, for I see it's lower.—Ah! that's good. I have not tasted such stuff as this for a month, for that old curmudgeon at the inn will give me no credit. By Heaven! what a happy week I've got before me! Now, give me the fresh bottle also."

"Not till we've done this job," returned Mr. Woodford Murphy, with the courage of despair. "You shall have that and the money too, directly you have shown me what you promised. You may trust me implicitly—never fear."

"Trust you!" laughed the doctor ferociously (he was getting exceedingly drunk); "why, damme, if you didn't prove as good as your word, I'd just put you in this hole alive, and trample the turf over you, Mr. Fosbrook." He uttered the last word with a mocking drawl. "You reminded me of your mother when you said that, exceedingly. She always took great credit to herself for paying her just debts; but you have not your mother's pluck, nor (to do him justice, although he never did it me) your father's. Indeed, sir, judging from the little I have seen of you, I should say you are but a sneak. However, we are not going to keep house together, so my not having taken a liking to you does not much matter.—Now, see, I have come to the last nail. It is a question of ten thousand a year to you whether I have told you the truth or not, and yet all you are going to give me, in case I have, is a paltry hundred and fifty pounds. I suppose a youth of your description is incapable of feeling the sentiment of shame.—I thought so. You're as pale as a sheet; then I must blush for you.—There's the lid off at last; now, you can satisfy your own eyes."

The light, turned full upon the little coffin, showed Mr. Fosbrook kneeling beside it, and examining its contents with eager eyes.

"Two bricks and a piece of wood!" exclaimed he triumphantly.

"Just so," chuckled the doctor. "Mr. Wilson kindly permitted them to be placed in consecrated ground, although the rites of the church had not been paid to the deceased. It was represented to him that the bereaved mother wished them to be placed near the grave of their great-uncle, Tyson Harrison—that's the one you're standing upon—and it was altogether a very affecting business."

"Let us put it back again," observed Mr. Fosbrook with anxiety.

"What a practical youth it is, and how little given to the sentimental emotions!" observed the doctor with a sneer. "You remind me so strongly of your dear mother, Mr. Woodford Murphy, that I can hardly restrain myself from hitting you over the head with this spade. We must not, my young friend, re-inter these remains with unseemly haste. First, the fresh bottle of brandy (you must take home the empty one, for if they find it here, they will be certain to say it's *me* that has made this mess); secondly, the notes, which I will count, if you please.—Yes; they are all right; and indeed, thanks to your hospitality, there seem even to be more than there ought to be; and, thirdly, I have a few words to say to you—the wind has, you see, politely lulled a little—before we part company, as I most sincerely hope we are about to do, for ever. I don't wish you to go away, young man, under the mistaken impression that you have made a tool of Herbert Warton. The information you have received from me has only gone to confirm the suspicions already entertained by your intelligent mother: I have betrayed no one, and least of all myself.—I see you are smiling, sir, in a very disagreeable manner; you are puffed up with what you imagine to be a successful stroke of roguery. But listen a moment. If anything I have shown you here turns out to be harmful to me, it is not my memory that will suffer. I shall be dead and gone long before your Uncle Ernest cuts *his* cable, and it is only after his death that this secret will be of any use to you. Whatever folks may say of me, therefore, they will not call me a fool for having taken your money. Whereas—but let us first put back these precious relics, and make all things as smooth and green again as we can—whereas, Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy, when our little adventure of to-night is being discussed, it will be remarked of your share in it that your mother sent her pig to a wrong market when she despatched you to Sandalthwaite."

"How so, doctor?" inquired Woody contemptuously. "Have I not found out what she wanted to know?"

"Certainly; as a child finds out how his watch goes by taking out the inside, and rendering it useless to him for the future. Why, can't you see, poor little fool—you that kept your head so clear in order to overreach the doctor, and drank watered sherry while he was taking his brandy neat—don't you see, even *now*, that you have destroyed the value of this very evidence for which you have paid so much, by being so hasty? It would, indeed, have been a great point to have shown what we have just seen, untouched and untampered with, to half-a-dozen impartial spectators, but very little use to do henceforth. You can't get a 'private view' of the inside of a grave, as your father gets of the picture exhibitions, without prejudice to its value; for what is certain to be said by your enemies—by those who do not know the simplicity of your disposition, my young friend—is this: That Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy came down to Sandalthwaite under the name of 'Fosbrook,' and deposited in the coffin of little Miss Ripson, and in the place of her infant bones, two bricks and a piece of wood."

The doctor's speech, although thick and indistinct, was distinguished by much malicious vehemence, and the effect of its peroration was greatly enhanced by his shutting in the door of the lantern with his last word, and producing total darkness. Nothing was heard for a few moments save the roaring of the storm; then an agonized cry broke forth from the unfortunate Woody, to the effect that if he fell into the river, the crime of murder would rest upon the doctor's soul. At this, the person appealed to gave vent to such a guffaw of uproarious mirth that it answered all the purpose of a guide-post, for the astute youth made at once for the point from which it came, and thereby discovered the stile. Here he waited for some minutes, breathing hard, but uttering no word of complaint, though, like the parrot in the story, probably thinking all the more, while his late guest and companion marked his own way homeward by snatches of drunken laughter; then slowly and cautiously he made for the light still gleaming from the *Wrestler's Arms*. After which, Valentine also turned his steps towards home, with much unlooked-for food for thought added to that which he had brought out with him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TWO CASES OF BROW-AGUE.

Valentine Blake was an early riser, and never needed to be called; but before he was well awake upon the morning which followed the events narrated in the last chapter, there was a violent knocking at his chamber-door. Jacob the groom, a Sandalthwaite man, and the only male servant at the Hall except the gardener, presented himself at the bedside, with that half-pleased, half-terrified expression of countenance which persons of his class are wont to wear when they have any catastrophe to communicate. If there is something about the misfortunes of our friends not altogether unpleasing to us, the disasters of our betters are certainly still more gratifying; and the tutor guessed at once from Jacob's face that something had gone wrong in the house, and that it had not happened to a fellow-servant.

"Is your mistress worse, or what is the matter?" asked he hastily.

"No, sir; it's not that; nor master neither, nor yet Mr. Bentinck."

"Good God! it's not Miss Evelyn?" ejaculated Valentine, leaping to his feet, and thrusting on some of his clothes.

"No, sir, nor it's not Miss Evelyn," continued the groom mysteriously. "You would never guess who it is, sir, seeing him out and about in all weathers, and here as much as anywhere, and known to us all so well that it seems almost as bad as being gone one's self. Poor Dr. Warton's dead, sir."

Certainly Valentine would never have guessed who it was. He had had the doctor in his mind well-nigh all night, for he had dreamed of him unceasingly; but even in his dreams he had never associated him with death. On the contrary, his last thoughts before going to sleep had been concerning the steps which it would become his duty to take with respect to that very person; and now he had been snatched from the web of human life altogether, and was to be no more questioned by man.

"Yes; I know'd you'd fell it, sir, as much as anybody," resumed Jacob, mistaking the cause of the tutor's silence, "notwithstanding as you never know'd him in his prime. I have not told the Squire, for I thought you'd better do it, and likewise Missis and Miss Evelyn; but Mr. Bentinck, I told *him*, and he swore at me for waking him up with news such as he says will keep; but he shouldn't talk like that, I told him, for the poor doctor was the man as first brought him into the world; and then he banged his boots at my head; and so I came to *you*, sir."

"You did right, Jacob," said Valentine thoughtfully. "I will break the news myself. But how did it happen? and are you sure it's true? for it must have been very sudden."

"Ah! you may say sudden indeed, sir. That's the most terrible part of it. He was a-dining at the *Wrestler's Arms* with a gent of the name of Fobjoy, or summut, as called him in for advice, it seems; and they drank and drank together prodigious. Some says it was a wager, and that the doctor won it, as it's most likely he did; and besides there was a deal of money found in his pockets; and we know how poor he was before, so that he could scarcely get trust for his whiskey-toddy. Well, this Mr. Fobjoy had seen him home, it seems, and given him a bottle of brandy, meaning nothing but kindness, though it was his death-blow; but he didn't go to bed—not he. About daybreak, as near as it might be, this morning, his old landlady hears a terrible noise overhead, and knows at once as the poor doctor has fallen; and when she ran in, without waiting for so much as a petticoat, there he was upon the floor, all wet through, having been out in the storm, and chill and still as a stone; and when she saw the bottle lying with the little that had been left within it spilt about, she knew—because he had been always *so* careful of good liquor—that he was nothing less than dead. And so it was."

During this narration, the tutor had been dressing as expeditiously as possible; and now, it being still early, and none of the family stirring, he resolved to take a walk to the village before breakfast. It was a lovely morning, and the rain of the previous night, glistening upon the green leaves and turf, made the face of penitent Nature very beautiful; but Valentine felt much sadder than when he had last trodden the same way, scarce six hours ago, through the blinding storm. He had known men, whose faces were at least as familiar to him as that of Herbert Warton, to die as suddenly—nay, he had seen them fall dead by scores about him on the battle-field, and yet their fate had not affected him as this man's had done. So it is with most of us. We hear or read of hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow-creatures killed in action, without the thrill of horror that a single death from a chance bullet close to our own doors will cause us. We read, almost unmoved, under the head of "Missing Vessel" (it happens every week), that a whole ship's company have been blotted from the list of the living; and yet, when a boy is drowned bathing in the river that skirts our lawn, we are sharply grieved. Soldiers perish, and sailors drown; but it is the violent or sudden death of the stay-at-home neighbors—the nearness and the unexpectedness together which moves us most. If Valentine was thus touched, how much more were the simple folks of Sandalthwaite, within whose doors Death came but seldom—scarcely ever without decent notice—and generally preceded by "the three warnings."

The disease which most affected people in those parts was that of extreme old age; and the poor doctor was only sixty or so, or, in other words, in the prime of life. True, he had looked worn and broken for some time, but still there was nothing in that to mitigate the suddenness of such a catastrophe as this. It was also not unknown that he drank deeply; but drinking was a weakness so common to his neighbors, that it was felt very indecorous to attribute his fate to liquor. It was allowed that he had taken more than was good for him upon the fatal night; but the general verdict of his Sandalthwaite friends was, that "that 'ud ha' done him nb harm, bless ye, if there had na been summut wrong with his heart." They alluded, of course, to a physical ailment.

All his faults of temper were forgotten, now that he was no more; while his geniality, his love of anecdote, and his open-handedness (for whenever there *was* anything in his hand, poor fellow, he was ready enough to bestow it), were gratefully remembered. The old sexton alone (whom the tutor overtook upon the road) had anything to say with reference to the doctor's defects.

"He was allus obstinate, Mr. Blake," said he, "and disbelieving in respect to signs; and now—not that I wishes to throw a stone at him, poor soul, just because he's in heaven—it has come home to himself. Again and again he has called me an old gowk—and yet he has gone first, you see, for it ain't the young as lives the longest—about warnings and such like, and (as though a man didn't know his own trade) especially with regard to them grave-fallings, which he would always have it came from the water-springs, or the storms, or dog-scratchings, or what not; and now, only last night, there came one for himself, poor man. 'Tis in the north-east corner, just where old Tyson Harrison lies; yet I wish that my words had not been proved so sadly, and that he was alive to laugh at me now: for he'd 'a done it, sir, he would, if this had happened to anybody else; for he was that stubborn that he never gave in to nobody. I shan't put him nigh that ere place, however, lest folks should say it was spite; and God Almighty knows I forgive him, just as though he had allowed he was wrong."

"I see you come from the *Wrestler's Arms*," said Valentine thoughtfully. "Has anything been seen of Mr. Fosbrook this morning?"

"Yes, sir, his *back*," returned the old man grimly. "He was off in a car, pack and package, directly he heard of what had happened. He said the news had shaken him so, that in his weak state of health he didn't know what effect it might have upon him. He certainly did look pale enough. I wonder how the doctor came to get all that money out of him, for, if not from him, where could it ha' come from? However, I'm right glad of it, for it'll pay his debts and bury him very comfortable."

Thus, with what charity lay in him, did each one among the groups collected round the dead man's door that morning converse concerning him that was departed. Herbert Warton's death must left a void in that little world, in which, although he despised it, he had upon the whole borne himself as a good neighbor and a willing helpmate. Valentine, who knew worse of him than any suspected, went in to pay his tribute of a pitiful glance and silent prayer to the giant frame, already so stiff and gaunt, that should never more be seen towering above his fellows at church or revel; and saddened with the sight, returned to tell the Squire and his household. Reticence, however, for so long a time, had been found by Jacob to be impossible, and in the meanwhile he had told everybody. Curiously enough, with the exception of tender-hearted Evelyn, the Black Squire seemed to be the most affected. Perhaps the recollection of many a drinking-bout together—for had they not been boon-companions for years?—really touched him; or perhaps the fact of their being contemporaries (within a few months) made him unusually mindful of the Shadow that must needs be awaiting himself at no great distance off upon Life's road: but certainly Mr. Woodford was moved by Herbert Warton's death. Evelyn, too, as we have said, shed honest tears, albeit she had never liked the doctor; but Mrs. Woodford, who had been on far more intimate terms with him, seemed to take the matter not at all to heart—to be sure, she had grown so dull and phlegmatic of late, that scarcely anything awaked her interest—yet the present happened to be one of her "good days," and the sorrowful news did not seem to darken it in the least. Mrs. Ripson, too, showed a philosophy so cheerful when speaking of the common loss, that it almost robbed her of Valentine's good opinion: he had always looked upon the housekeeper as a very kind-ly creature, although somewhat weak; and even now, when he could not regard her without some vague suspicions, he strove to think the best of her until he should know the worst. Nevertheless, although Mrs. Woodford's state of health forbade her attendance at the doctor's funeral, it was arranged that not only Evelyn but Mrs. Ripson should pay his memory that respect, in common with the male portion of the family. A burial at Sandalthwaite, although a primitive ceremony, was every genuine and impressive one. Women as well as men followed the body to its last resting-place; and although there were no nodding plumes or sable steeds, there were thrice the number of sorrowful faces that are seen in any London cemetery. In the hurrying streets, we scarcely cast a glance at the procession that is taking our unknown brother to his unknown grave; but at Sandalthwaite, every man, woman, and child whose occupation permitted of it were out to see the last of the neighbor that they knew so well, and by whose side they were themselves fated one day to lie. In the case of such an old inhabitant, and one so well known as Herbert Warton, it was certain that all, save perhaps a shepherd or two, whose distant charge compelled his absence, would be at the funeral. Mr. Wilson himself was to read the service, for although the dead man had been so long his helpmate (and as it seemed now his friend), he was not one to give way to his feelings, and delegate such a duty to another.

During the intervening week, there was little else discussed in the quiet village save reminiscences of the Departed, and guesses at his probable successor; and even at Dew-bank Hall, topics of conversation were not so plentiful as altogether to exclude such talk. The affair having assumed this importance, it may be imagined that Mr. Bentinck Woodford created quite a sensation in the domestic circle upon the morning fixed for the ceremony by announcing his intention of not taking part in it, and appearing at breakfast in colored garments. He said that he had got brow-ague—a malady previously unknown in the district—and that a hat with a heavy silk band about it would be utterly insupportable to him. The excuse was in the highest degree unlikely to be founded on fact; but as it seemed ridiculous to compel a young gentleman to go to a funeral which his own sense of duty did not call upon him to attend, the Black Squire—blacker than ever that morning—contented himself with calling his son a liar, and then let the matter drop. It was not a question in which Valentine was concerned as his tutor, and he happened to have business of his own at the moment which fully occupied him. Two letters had arrived for him—a most unusual circumstance—and in one of those at least, a short and soldier-like epistle, with the Milan postmark on it, there was much material for reflection. Evelyn was clairvoyant to its contents, as, sitting behind the urn, she watched his color heighten as he read the words which were to him as a very trumpet-call; and she dropped her eyes and colored in her turn as the tutor turned his glance (she knew it was coming) upon her. How beautiful she looked in those mourning garments, not to be put off (if those earnest eyes could have looked into the future) for many and many a day! The other letter was an official one, and bore the stamp of the War Office. Mr. Woodford noticed the huge envelope, and observed: "They have not appointed you to the command of the Horse Marines, I trust?" This was his gracious way of expressing a genuine uneasiness which he had felt of late lest Valentine's services should be lost to him.

"No, sir; I have no appointment from her Majesty's government," returned the tutor with a grave smile.

"He is going to Italy!" murmured Evelyn to herself, "and I shall never, never see him more."

The bell that began to toll from the old church tower seemed to strike her heart with every clang. She would have given much to have been able to feign brow-ague, like her cousin, and to retire to her own room, but it was too late now. In less than half an hour, they were all on their way to church; her uncle walking first, somewhat pomposely, as though he were the chief-mourner, and the coffin were behind him; then Valentine and Evelyn, interchanging not a syllable, each wrapped in serious thought, but which perhaps had little to do with the matter in hand; next Mrs. Ripson, thoughtful too, with her white pocket-handkerchief close to her eyes, but perfectly dry; and after her, most of the servants, including Jacob, conscious of their impressive appearance, and solemnly enjoying themselves. They little knew what a fund of such ceremonials *Fate*, benevolently secretive, had in store for them, and close at hand, otherwise, they might not have made so much of the present occasion. If people died, and were *not* buried—if "they sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven" without the intermediate offices of the undertaker—many honest folks would be deprived of a legitimate pleasure. The procession from the Hall, joined by other sombre bands which fell in respectfully behind them, trooped into church for the burial-service. All the parish were there assembled who did not accompany the corpse itself. Presently, it was borne in. Many honest tears were shed at the sight of it. Valentine, who shed none, although, as has been shown, he was sorry, glanced round the church, and remarked with surprise that Mrs. Wilson was not accompanied by her daughter. The service ended, and the congregation flowing in inky waves to the churchyard, he found himself next to the Minister's wife.

"Miss Lucy is not here," said he: "I trust she is not ill?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Blake; I am sorry to say the poor child is very unwell: she has the Brow-ague."

Valentine bowed his head in token of sympathy, but he did not speak; his mind on a sudden became the prey of a dreadful apprehension. Disentangling himself with difficulty from the crowd that was edging towards the grave-mouth, he turned his steps rapidly homeward; not so fast, however, but that he was overtaken by a little boy, with but a rag of crape round his arm in token of respect for the departed, but otherwise in shining mourning robes, his jacket and trowsers at once proclaiming him as a whilom worker in the now closed wad-mine. He held a letter in his hands, the envelope of which might have been considered for the same reason mourning note-paper, and very deep-edged. "I was to give this to you, sir, from Mr. Adams," panted the breathless boy. "He said it was to be put in your hands Immediate; but when I got to the Hall, you was gone to church, and I didn't like to give it to you in service-time."

Valentine took the missive and tore it open.

"Directly you get this, sir, make haste to the Seven Sisters. Something very bad is meant, I doubt, to somebody, by you know who. Be there by noon, at latest. Perhaps I ought to interfere myself, but I dare not—I dare not. G. A."

"Was Mr. Bentinck Woodford at the Hall when you got there?" inquired Valentine anxiously.

"No," said the boy; "I met him as I came over the fells. He was a-going, as it seemed, towards Wallowdale, and pretty fast."

Now the Seven Sisters were a group of fir trees so called in that very valley. Valentine looked at his watch; gave his hat, encumbered with its trappings of woe, into the boy's hand, with instructions to leave it at Hall; and then, to the astonishment of his juvenile spectator, started off bare-headed, and at full speed, across the field, leaping the stone walls that lay in his way, and wading through the river itself, and breasting the opposite fell as no runner in Sandalthwaite could have breasted it save one—the very man he was now pursuing, with a clear couple of miles' start of him, and garments better suited for a mountain run than funeral broadcloth and Sunday boots. But after such a warning, Valentine Blake would not have hesitated, even had circumstances compelled him to run in irons. He knew there was some devilry afloat—that evil was menacing the Innocent; and if he had known the full extent of the crime and the danger, muscle, and lungs, and sinew could not have been taxed more heavily than they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ In answer to the assertion that a crow tastes as good as a partridge, another writer says:—You can no more make a crow fit to eat than you can a king crab. It never becomes fat or apparently changes its physical condition from being a lot of big bones filled in with integuments as inedible as India-rubber.

☞ An article on the American National Currency, in a New York contemporary, states that the number of counterfeit legal tender notes, contrary to the anticipation of the country when greenbacks were first introduced, has been exceedingly limited. Two serious obstacles, it adds, have never been completely surmounted by the counterfeiter, the difficulty of imitating the green ink tint and the intricate and minute curves traced by the geometrical lathe work of the National Bank Note Company.

☞ To determine whether kerosene is liable to explode, the Boston Journal of Chemistry gives the following directions:—Fill a pint bowl two-thirds full of boiling water, and into it put a common metallic thermometer. The temperature will run up to over 200 degrees. By gradually adding cold water, bring down the temperature of the water to 110 degrees, and then pour into the bowl a spoonful of the kerosene, and apply a lighted match. If it takes fire, the article should be rejected as dangerous; if not, it may be used with a confident feeling of its safety.

☞ At the Athenee, a new Parisian theatre, unnecessary alarm was created a few representations ago by the fall of one of the actresses in the *revue* close to the footlights. The house rose, under the impression that she might rise in a blaze, but was speedily reassured by the actress herself, who had sustained no injury, owing to the fact that she had happily nothing on which could possibly catch fire!

☞ A movement is now in progress in Montreal, among the merchants and others, who are sufferers by the heavy discount on American silver in Canada, to secure the exportation of some $250,000 or $300,000, with a view to reduce the present stock in that city, and thus lessen the rate of discount. The Canadian Government has recently imposed a duty of fifteen per cent. on all American silver coin imported into the country, which is equivalent to a prohibitory duty.

☞ A few days since, at Newmarket, Tenn., a young man, while waltzing at a ball, fell to the floor a corpse. He had made the circle round the room sixteen times without stopping, but in the next attempt he failed and fell dead.

☞ A little boy, the son of a well-known artist, having been reprimanded by his father for fighting in the street, said, "Well, pa, I'm only following the golden rule—when you are hit, hit back again."

☞ The Selma (Ala.) Times states that it is informed on good authority that large landholders in Greene county are offering to give the use of their plantations, next year, to any one who will agree to pay taxes on them.

☞ A midnight elopement in Boston was frustrated by a cat, who frightened the young lady into a fainting fit as she was going down stairs to meet the expected lover at the door.

☞ "I don't see why I should have the gout," growled, not long since, in entire sincerity, a distracted patient, whom his physician had succeeded in reducing to fifteen drinks a day. "I am not a heavy drinker. I never take anything from the time I go to bed at night till I get up in the morning!"

THE USE OF TOBACCO AND WINE.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are many liberties that men may take for themselves which, it seems to me, a wise consideration of their influence upon those around about them should lead them to avoid. I rank among these the use of tobacco and the use of wine, as matters of pleasure and of indulgence.

I honor my father's memory. I remember, from my earliest childhood, that at a time when it was the custom of every minister, almost, habitually to smoke, and occasionally to drink—the occasions sometimes coming very near together!—my father was remarkable for abstinence from the cup, and for total abstinence from the use of tobacco. And every child of my father by my mother—every one of the eight older children—has walked in the way he should go, and has not departed from it when he has grown up. And there has not, perhaps, been an ounce of tobacco consumed by my father and the children of the first family. Nor has there been one of them that has not been strictly and conscientiously temperate. I cannot tell how much I owe to my father, I cannot express my sense of obligation to him, in this respect.

When I grew old enough to be *foolish*, I wanted to smoke because other boys smoked; and I did, at last, bestride a cigar; and I got my first reward. I remember that the experience was followed by something sharper than narcotic influence, or unconscious influence. I remember feeling separated from my father. I revered him; I almost worshipped him, although I was not much of a worshipper; and I threw away the weed. My first experience was substantially my last experience. From that day to this I have never touched tobacco, in any form or method. And I thank my father for it.

Now, I perceive a great many men that are employing narcotics in their families, excusing themselves because it does not hurt them; and they are bringing up white-skinned, celebrated children as the result. We are living in an age in which, by constitution, children receive an overplus of nervous influence. We are living in a climate that is stimulating. We are living under institutions that tend to acuminate every nerve and intensify all cerebral influences. We are just the people that do not need any added stimulus. And yet, I see a great many parents who are bringing up their children so nervous that if one or two things of this kind be added, their destruction or injury will be sure; and they will not put them away. They will have no consideration of the influence which they are exerting upon their children. I am satisfied that the fathers themselves in many of these cases are strong enough to maintain a moderation in the use of these stimulants; but, ye that are strong, bear with the weak.—*Journal of Health.*

Sketch of a Princess.

The *Paris Magazine* has been publishing portraits of several ladies. That of the Princess Metternich is as follows:—"She is said not to be pretty. Listen to the enumeration of her beauties: eyes which have the sweetness of a German reverie; teeth of brightest enamel; a forehead smooth and clear as an infant's, high and wide as that of a thinker; and abundant silky brown hair. People seem not to notice two particular beauties of her Austrian highness—the form of her head, as Greek as that of the Venus of Milo; her ear like a pink shell—whereas, everyone does justice to the beautiful fall of her shoulders, the exquisite form of her arm, the long aristocratic hands, and the narrow, dainty foot. Be she dressed in blue, red, or yellow; be she coiffed with her toque over her eyes, or with a sergeant-de-ville's cap, as she appeared one day at the Tuileries—she is and remains a Princess; and there are not many now. Witty, with a heart of gold, and extremely charitable, she is the adoration of the workmen's families she visits in the Faubourg St. Antoine; jumping the children on her knees, washing them, kissing them, sitting on a stool if there are not chairs enough—such is the woman. Devotedly and fondly attached to a good man—Prince Metternich—such is the wife."

Parisian Full Dress.

The masked ball at the Paris Opera attracts few people but strangers and the lowest class of women. An extraordinary scene took place at the last ball. A woman appeared wearing nothing but a pair of stocking-net drawers and a sash. The sequel showed she thought herself full dressed. Fairy pieces have completely unsettled our ideas about woman's proper attire. No sooner had the woman mentioned appeared in the opera house than there arose a wild scream, such as is to be heard only at the Opera's masked balls or in bedlam when the moon is full. A thousand lips echoed and re-echoed it. In less time than it takes to write she was surrounded by a dense crowd of screaming mummers. Unconscious of doing anything which should attract such attention, she was confounded. In her state of stupor a fellow easily tossed her on his shoulders and began to run around the house, followed by a shrieking band of both sexes, which at every step he took increased in number. Her hair was soon dishevelled, her stocking-net was torn, her sash was lost; terrified and sobbing, she implored release, until the fatigue of her bearer and a new incident enabled her to effect an escape from that pandemonium.

☞ According to one Professor Delisser, a series of celestial and terrestrial phenomena is at hand. On the night of the 27th of February, in the western heavens, there will be a conjunction of the moon with Jupiter and Venus; and three nights later Jupiter will pass Venus by only twenty-three seconds of a degree. The result of these conjunctions and perturbations will be atmospheric commotion—electrical discharges, heavy gales, high tides, earthquakes, and nobody knows what besides. Moreover, the whole year will be fearful for its storms, inundations, eruptions, quakings of the earth, &c. We shall see and hear of these things if they occur.

☞ The French Empress skates leaning on two gentlemen. A young American named Riggs recently had the felicity of being one of her supporters.

Skating in Paris.

We had on Saturday the beautiful *fete de nuit* of the Skating Club, which went off with great success. The frozen surface of the lake, as smooth and bright as glass, shone and sparkled, a medley of vivid colors. Thousands of lamps in garlands and clusters marked the borders of the lake; the trees, already exquisitely arrayed with icicles, became brilliant with their adornment of lights, immense boufires burnt around; at intervals showers of fireworks burst in the air; and all the paths which led to the inclosure were edged with fire, like roads to an enchanted garden. From the small island in the centre of the lake burst the gayest of dance music, from the *chalet* of the club, where a buffet was established. Carpets stretched to the ice, and long lines of armchair sledges, each adorned with three lamps, stood in waiting. The tickets had been sold at the clubs with great patrician restrictions, and, in spite of the low condition of the thermometer, all the *elegantes* of Paris were there. Russian, English, and American ladies, in the most picturesque costumes, skimmed with practised agility over the ice; others, *patineuses* less clever or less courageous, supported themselves on poles, the ends of which were held by two *patineurs;* while the rest, buried in furs and reclining in the chair-sledges, traversed the lake in rapid zigzags, guided by their skating cavaliers. Many of the men wore lamps over their brows, and the Prince de Metternich's headlight surmounted an enormous fur coiffure, almost as tall as a grenadier's cap. At ten o'clock the lake was so animated and crowded that it would have much resembled a ball-room if the cadence of the skaters' movements had been more harmonious. Hundreds of carriages filled the avenues around, and the cold seemed to have no effect on the crowd which pressed round the exterior railings. The Emperor was expected, but did not make his appearance; he and the Empress had skated on the great lake of the Bois in the daytime, and had mixed a short time with the crowd, while around them, shooting over the ice on her rapid skates, wound a young viscountess in a green dress sprinkled with gold spangles.

☞ Leap year is improved by the ladies. We hear of several who have proposed in Boston. One yesterday proposed to her father to have a new Cashmere shawl and a forty-dollar bonnet.

☞ A French editor proposes to connect England and France by a bridge, bearing a double line of railway, a carriage and footway, with shops and a restaurant! The bridge would rest on thirty-two iron piles, would be 335 feet broad and 670 feet high—535 feet above sea-level. All this for the moderate sum of $80,000,000.

☞ Mr. Charles Dickens was fifty-six years of age, in Washington, where his birthday overtook him. He read four nights, and the net receipts were over ten thousand dollars.

☞ The Hamram Arabs are Mahommedans, and yet they do not scruple to eat wild boar. One day after a feast upon a hog, Mr. Blaker asked his Musulman companions what their *faky*, or minister, would say to their eating pork, as it was contrary to the Koran. "Oh!" they replied, "we have already consulted him. He says—'Mind your Koran. If you have the book with you and no pig, don't eat pork; but if you have the pig and no book, eat the pig!'"

☞ In Bates county, Missouri, a lady who had been divorced from her husband on account of "incompatibility," has again fallen in love with him and remarried him.

☞ Of course we do not believe the following, but it does to tell:—"In the 'more former' days of the theological seminary in connection with Harvard college, when Theodore Parker's theories were exciting great interest in the community, and young men especially were feeling strongly their influence, it was the custom in the Harvard law school, when holding a moot court, to send over to the seminary and procure some of the theologues to sit upon the jury. Judge Story was preparing to open court thus, one day, and despatched a messenger to secure the usual attendance. That messenger, having ill success, returned after a while with the report: "May it please your honor, I can't find men enough in the theological seminary who believe in a God to piece out this jury, and I wait further instructions."

☞ A firm in England put up some prepared meats for a firm in New Zealand, and by directions had them labelled "Canned Missionaries." The natives cleaned out the stock in two days.

☞ The wife of a journeyman carpenter in Cincinnati, it is stated, deserted him because he did not buy a house with a free-stone front, and a divorce has been granted him.

☞ There are evidences of the fact that the eccentric *ceintures*, or wide sashes, are to be all the rage this season; and on these sashes are worn the largest and most *voyant* ornaments of silver and gilt. Anchors, lutes, harps—queer shaped things, large and cumbersome—dangle behind the belles.—Some years since, the ornaments I refer to would have been deemed fitted at best for the squaws of the Flatfeet or the Sioux, not to mention the red head and bright flannel loving, thick lipped Abyssinian females; but fashion, having exhausted the realms of taste, is forced now to enter that of show, and her disciples must obediently rush after her.—*Paris Cor.*

☞ THE LAST OF POLAND.—The "Kingdom of Poland" no longer exists even in name. Its official designation is now the Vistula Province.

☞ A New Yorker protests against Prof. Blot's cooking because he doesn't make baked beans a hash.

☞ When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

☞ The Boston Journal reports that, in that region, a fervent church member recently astonished a prayer-meeting by supplicating for the preservation of the lives of the young ladies of the congregation, and that one of them might be eventually reserved for him. On being remonstrated with by one of his brethren, he said such was the honest wish of his heart, and that he did not see the impropriety of praying for it.

☞ A SOUND DECISION.—The New York Superior Court, General Term, Chief Justice Robertson presiding, has just rendered a decision of importance to merchants, relative to the reliability of persons making fraudulent representations as to the responsibility of third parties. In the case decided, the party making the false representations is held liable for goods purchased two years after the representations were made.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been rather dull. About 8000 bbls sold at $7.25@8.50 for superfine, $8.50@9.50 for extra, $10@11.75 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $10.50@12 for Penna extra family, and $13@15 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour, 370 bbls sold at $8.50@8.75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light; 25,000 bus of southern and Penna red sold at $2.00 for choice; $1.40@2.55 for fair to prime, and $2.20@2.30 for common; 2000 bus of white sold at $2.50@3.20 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—About 10,000 bus of Penna sold at $1.60@1.65. Corn—The sales comprise about 40,000 bus of new Penna and Delaware yellow at $1.22@1.25, and 12,000 bus of western mixed at $1.25. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 75@80c ₱ bus, the latter rate for light Penna.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Sales of 450 bbls of Pork at $21 for old, and $23@23.50 for new, $21 for prime do, and $19.50 for prime. Mess Beef, City packed, sells at $23.50@24. Dressed Hogs sell at 9¼@10c ₱ lb. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 15¼@19¼c; Sides are taken, in lots, at 13@14c, and Shoulders at 11@12c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 14¼@14¾c, and 25,000 lbs of Shoulders, in salt, at 10c. Lard—Sales of 500 tcs and bbls, at 14½@14¾c, and kegs at 15¼c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 35@38c, and roll at 40@45c ₱ lb. Cheese—Sales at 15¼c. Eggs sell at 28@30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been active. About 2000 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 20¼@21c for Upland, and 21¼@22c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is more doing; 5000 tons of No 1 Anthracite sold at $25@26; 5000 tons of No 2 at $23@24. We quote Forge at $63 ₱ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 10¾@11¾ cts ₱ lb. 175 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 5@7¾ cts ₱ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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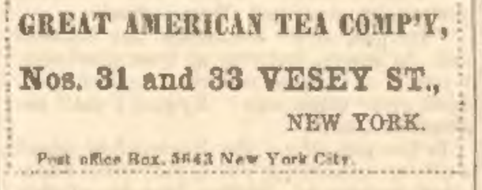

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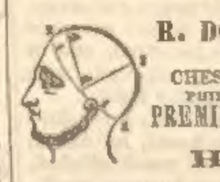

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WIT AND HUMOR.

One of Davy Crockett's Stories.

The late Churchill C. Cambreling told me (says Mr. J. H. Hackett in the N. Y. Leader) an anecdote of that eccentric and then brother member of Congress—the late David Crockett—who had a seat near him in the House of Representatives—Mr. Cambreling being from the city of New York, and Mr. Crockett from Tennessee:

"One day, as I sat writing at my desk during an interval of the session, Crockett asked me how long I had been in Congress; and, upon being informed 'several years,' remarked, 'You ought, then, to write a pretty good hand by this time,' as though he thought my constant practice there should have improved it. Crockett continued: 'Some people object to me because of my want of edecation and larnin' ginerally. Now, some people know too much.'

"Said I: 'Oh, no! A man can't know too much.'

"Continued he: 'Yes, he can! I remember a case in Tennessee by which I can prove it to you.

"'Two farmers who lived not far apart met one day on horseback, when one said to the other: "Who are you going to vote for for sheriff?" The other answered: "John Robinson." "What!" said the questioner, "you going to vote for him? Why, he's such an ignorant cuss he can't spell his given name, John; and, what's worse, he is so stupid I would bet ten dollars you couldn't larn him to spell it between now and to-morrow noon."

"'The other remarked: "I would be willing to take that bet anyhow." "Well," said the proposer, "I'll stand it!"

"'Accordingly the bet was made, and a public house a few miles distant agreed upon as the place of their meeting at noon next day for its decision, and the neighbors parted.

"'The one who had made the bet in favor of John's ability proceeded straight to the house of John Robinson, a few miles off, and found him at home; told him of the conversation, and of his bet on him; and inquired whether it was true that he hadn't had edication enough to spell "John." John Robinson at once owned up that he could not, that he had never been ten miles from that place where he was born, and that no schoolin' was to be had anywhere about them 'ere parts for love or money. "Never mind," said he, "John, I'll larn you mighty quick, and we'll divide the winnings. The way to spell John is—J—O—H—N," which John readily repeated, and insisted upon his visitor's coming in and taking some whiskey, which he did freely, and talked over the affairs of the country till bed-time, and at last was persuaded to stop all night with John; both on 'em being pretty tight.

"'Next morning, at breakfast, on John's being asked to spell his name, he did so easily enough; but his friend wan't satisfied, and said, "John, there may be some crooked ketch after all in such politics. There's time enough between now and noon, and if you are a mind to larn the whole alphabet, I'll larn you from first to last—that is, from A to Izzard." John agreed to be so high larnt, and he before noon could say every letter from A to Izzard; and off they started on horseback for the place appointed, where four or five of the neighbors had got together on purpose to hear John Robinson, and judge whether he was able to spell his given name.

"'Five men were appointed as judges, the bet recited, and John was asked if he was ready to spell his name. John said, "Try me!" And the judges said, "Well, spell John."

"'So John began: "J"—

"'All the judges looked at him, and at one another, and then nodded and said, "Right—next letter?" "O!" said John.

"'They all looked at one another as long as if there was some doubt about the letter, but nodded at last and said, "Right; now, next letter?"

"'Said John, "That's H."

"'John's friend, seeing the judges, by halting in giving a judgment after every letter, had somewhat bothered him, cautioned him to keep cool till after the judges had done fooling, and had agreed and said "Right." Now for the next letter, when his friend assured him, "John, we are all right now but the *last* letter—don't forget." John hesitated, and thinking he meant the last letter of the alphabet, which he had just learned, bellowed out, "Izzard, by thunder!" and lost the bet.

"'Now, if his friend who made the bet had only been satisfied with giving John larning enough to spell John, he would have won it. And just so it is, now-a-days, with some people—they know too much for their own good. There's John Quincy Adams, now. He's so high larnt he often gets so confused he can't tell a B from a Bumble-bee!"

A Black Eye.

The Rev. R. Balgarnie, of Sarbro', gives the following story, told to him during a visit to the Catskill Mountains:—A gentleman of the party said, "John Brown once gave me a black eye. I was then a young land-surveyor, and was engaged professionally in a certain district. At dinner time a tall, bony, awkward man sat down at the table in his shirt sleeves. I thought it rude behavior, and remonstrated with him. He took no notice until, in my warmth, I challenged him to fight. The challenge was accepted, and we went out into the yard to have it out. Having taken lessons in the art of boxing, I thought the man was no match for me. I had just put myself into position, according to the rules, when lo! something came between my eyes like an iron pump-handle, and I fell senseless to the ground. After recovering myself, my antagonist, who was supporting me, coolly said, 'Young man, the best thing you can do with that eye, is to apply a little raw beef to it.'"

☞ A tall fellow, standing in the parterre of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but he would not; when a voice from the second circle called out: "Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!"

☞ "A few men like your minister," was the equivocal reply of a stranger, when asked if he enjoyed the service.

NURSE.—"Perhaps, ma'am, you'd like to come and smooth your hair in my mistress's room?"

LITTLE INNOCENT.—"Oh no; do stay here!—at least, if you don't mind taking off your hair before me."

"Spiced Vinegar."

Here is a story, told by one who saw the parties at the table:

Last summer, while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood five feet eleven and three-quarters in his stockings, and hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted to let all the folks at "hum" know about it. The servant brought a plate of soup; and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable cat-sup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper-sauce, and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Wall, 'spose ye 'blige a feller by handin' 't along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle, and commenced dosing his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, at the same time observing to his friend,

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin' with, to put such a plaguy little hole in that, to prevent a feller's takin' much of the stuff. I 'spose it comes high, don't it!"

During the time he poured nearly a wineglassfull into his soup; and taking his spoon, he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it in his mouth. The next instant he spurted the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bosom, and bawled out,

"Water! water! snakes and wildcats, give me some water! I'm all afire!"

"By gar, sir!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, sair! Spoil every thing, sair! By gar, I shall see about this, sair!"

In the meantime, the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and taken a tremendous draught. Setting down the pitcher he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled,

"Confound yer old shirt! 'Spose I was goin' to burn my in'ards out for you or yer shirt, yer mean cuss! Come down to the boat, and I'll give you one of mine."

It was with difficulty the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage and set matters straight again. But ever after, "spiced vinegar" was a byword, and sufficient to set the whole table in a roar.

An Investment in Horns.

We find the following in the Savannah (Ga.) Republican:—

A friend of ours was sitting in his office on Monday, trying to fix his thoughts upon an abstruse work before him, but they wandered sadly from the subject, owing to the terrible noise maintained in front of his door by a small negro with a tin horn. Finally he became too nervous to stand it any longer, and went out and called the boy and asked how much he would take for the horn.

"I dunno, sah," was the answer.

"Will you take a quarter?"

"Yes, sah!"

The quarter was duly paid and the gentleman took possession of the offending horn. Scarcely had he rescated himself when a din far more horrible broke out in front of his office. He rushed out, and there was the veritable negro, reinforced by a comrade, and both using their best efforts on tin horns. Again the boy was interrogated, this time as to where he obtained the horns.

"I buyed 'em, sah, wid de quarter what you gin me."

He has concluded henceforth to pay no more quarters for tin horns. The cure proved worse than the disease.

AN exchange says:—"We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the brush in the yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl, 'There now, Nellie, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and you go and tell her all I say—and then we'll get mad and don't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that will be such fun.'"

☞ A lazy farmer is virtually dead, and his farm wears weeds in mourning for him.

AGRICULTURAL.

Culture of the Tomato.

Every one who plants a garden must have experience of the difficulty of dealing with tomatoes as usually grown: they spread over space where they are not wanted; they hug the ground with such persistence that nothing can keep them from it: they rot both when it rains and when it does not rain; and at about the end of September they come to an absolute end of all production. The consequence is that most people choose to purchase such as the market affords, and to pay for defective and unsatisfactory tomatoes at a high price, because an ordinary garden does not afford room for them. Having gone through an ample experience of this sort, I by accident attempted a mode of cultivation two years ago which has far exceeded my expectations in obviating the difficulties referred to; and in giving an ample supply of tomatoes so far superior to those usually sold as to bear no comparison with them.

This mode is a rigid training of the vines on a high wall—a wall facing south in my case, but one facing east I think will do; while one facing north certainly will not do. Stripe of lath nailed on posts or stakes say eight inches from the face of the wall suffice to keep the vines within the enclosed space, but they must also be frequently tied to the lath, or to nails driven in the face of the wall. Some trouble is requisite while they are growing most rapidly, but it will repay all the trouble well; being sure to keep the vines from falling or blowing down by whatever driving—tying or lath—may be necessary. I have had no serious difficulty in this respect, nor will any one who ties the vines frequently in July and August: using some soft flax twine, or strong cotton strings.

The result is that the vines grow and bear from the earliest time that any can be produced, until absolute freezing weather comes in November. I have had them in profusion and in perfection on the vines in two years as late as the middle of November—the fall of both 1865 and 1866 being favorable as regards late frosts, or the delay of absolute freezing weather. And it is remarkable that the tomato plant under such circumstances continues to produce as abundantly to the last as could be desired, without check by any frost or chill that does not absolutely freeze the vines.

The fruit of the tomato is peculiarly an air fruit, requiring the fullest sun, and the most free circulation of air to perfect it. In the shade or near the earth the fruit does not set, and if set, does not ripen. Under the best conditions for the vines in this respect the production is so much greater as to pay for all the trouble of attaining them, even if a wall or trellis were to be erected exclusively to produce tomatoes. And those growing them for market purposes would be as well repaid as private cultivators. I can count up already about eight bushels as the produce of sixty feet of wall, and but twelve inches of earth surface at the foot in which they are planted, a brick wall three feet in width coming next; the vines have in three cases ripened fruit largely at a height of six to seven feet; and the bearing season has begun, or the production of ripe tomatoes, about the 10th of August.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Strawberries at Boston.

Some of the finest crops of strawberries in the United States are raised in Belmont, near Boston, Massachusetts. Four thousand quarts per acre not being unusual. This result is obtained by taking new land, that is, land which has not recently grown a strawberry crop; ploughing it deeply, and giving plenty of manure; setting out plants in the spring; keeping the ground perfectly clean the first season, and the next year gathering the fruit. Then ploughing under the strawberry beds, and beginning again on new land. In the Boston market the Wilson will not bring more than two-thirds as much as some other kinds. Hovey's Seedling bears the highest price, and is the most popular among growers. Brighton Pine and Boston Pine are used for fertilizing the Hovey. Triomphe de Gand succeeds best in hills, and is an excellent fruit for amateur culturists.

North Carolina.

Mr. W. A. Sampson, who is located at Bush Hill, N. C., writes as follows to the Maine Farmer:—"The climate here is delightful, and everything for the comfort of man can be successfully grown. I may name figs, peaches—the finest in the United States—apples, pears, plums, cherries, and all the small fruits, wheat, corn, and all cereals. The only thing lacking is grass. No cultivated grass is to be seen, except upon the meadows along the valleys of the many streams. The water is the purest and the timber the finest of any in the country. White oak and hickory abound of the best quality; also walnut, which is largely used for furniture. The hard pine is accessible at $15 per thousand. The people are all anxious to see northern emigration. Land is very cheap; from $2 to $15 per acre."

OLD TIMES IN ILLINOIS.—Some of the correspondents of the Prairie Farmer are indulging in reminiscences. One man bought some rough split-bottom chairs at 50 cents each, when he was married in 1828, and paid for them in No. 1 fall wheat, at 25 cents per bushel. Corn was then from six to ten cents per bushel, and no market for potatoes at all. Another early settler says his father sold 2,000 bushels of corn and hauled it two miles, for five cents a bushel, and took one-half in whiskey! Another took a two-horse wagon load of pork twenty miles and sold it for $1.25 in cash, five pounds of coffee and calico enough to make a dress for his wife.

TO SHOW that honey-bees instead of being an injury to farmers are a benefit to them, the fact is cited as well known to observing bee-keepers that when we have a fine yield of honey from the buckwheat, or the orchard, that we have a corresponding yield of grain or fruit, unless prematurely destroyed by frost or other causes. There are seasons when bees work very little on buckwheat, and the result has been, with scarcely an exception, a small yield of grain.

PEACH LEAVES POISONOUS.—The Carolina Times mentions a case where a friend threw a branch of a wilted peach tree to a cow, the leaves of which she ate with avidity. This was in the evening. The following morning she was found dead in the stable. Another cow also ate a portion of the leaves, and came near dying too. Eaten in a fresh state the leaves are not dangerous, neither are those of the sorghum plant; but in a wilted state both are dangerous food for stock.

PLANTING HERBS.—All gardens should have beds of herbs. They are always looked for in the Fall, and nearly always forgotten in Spring. Now is the time to plant Thyme, Sage, Mint, Balm, and other perennial herbs, and Parsley and other seeds of hardy kinds may be sown. When we say *now*, it is, of course, understood to mean where the frost has evidently broken up for the season.

RECEIPTS.

OYSTER SOUP.—First make a good veal stock, then boil in a portion of it the crumb of two rolls, three blades of mace, a teaspoonful of white pepper, and four onions, cut small. Pick out the spice, and rub the bread and onions through a hair-sieve; season the rest of the veal stock (which should measure about three quarts) and add them to it. Rub down three ounces of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, and mix gradually with half a pint of the soup; when it is quite smooth, add it to the rest and boil all together for a short time. Beard a hundred oysters, add them with their liquor and half a pint of cream, and let all simmer for a few minutes. Should the soup not be salt enough with the liquor of the oysters, add a little salt before serving it.

FISH FRITTERS.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the preceding day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar, add bread crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teacupful of cream, with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Beat all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

POTATO-PANCAKES.—Skin and scrape large raw mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonfuls of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

ROCK FISH.—Rock fish, bass, and some other kinds of fish, are boiled plain, leaving on the head and tail. It will take a half-hour steady boiling; serve with drawn butter, in which mix hard-boiled eggs chopped fine.

HOT SLAW.—Cut cabbage in fine shreds, boil in clear water until perfectly tender, allowing so little, that when it is cooked sufficiently, there will be scarcely none left in the stewpan; just before dishing, add to a common sized stewpan a teacup of sharp vinegar, a piece of butter half the size of a common hen's egg, a little salt, and a dust of pepper; the latter can be added at the table if desired.

MARMALADE PUDDING.—This pudding requires care in mixing the ingredients thoroughly together, but it proves so excellent when eaten either cold or hot, that it fully repays the trouble of preparation. Shred six ounces of fresh beef suet, and chop it up fine; mix it with two ounces of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of well grated bread-crumbs, and then stir in half a pint of new milk. When these are all mixed, add the well-beaten yelks of three eggs, wisk all together for a quarter of an hour, and set it to stand on a cold stone for an hour. Butter a pudding-dish or mould thickly, place a layer of the above mixture in it, then a layer of marmalade, another layer of mixture, and so on, alternately, until the mixture is exhausted. For the above quantity, about one pound of marmalade will be required. Whisk the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and orange-flower water, place the froth at the top of the pudding, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—A tablespoonful of brandy, one ditto of soft-soap, and one of honey, and the white of an egg mixed well together; dip the ribbon into water, lay it on a board, and scrub with the mixture, using a soft brush; rinse in cold water, fold in a cloth, and iron when half dry.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 7, 9, 8, 14, 11, is a metal.
My 1, 10, 3, 13, 15, is a fallen angel.
My 11, 7, 16, is a measure.
My 12, 4, 5, 1, 15, 10, is a musical instrument.
My 2, 8, 14, is an animal.
My whole is a popular novel.

SYDNEY SEYMOUR.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 8, 9, 3, is a metal.
My 12, 2, 5, is a necessary article in cookery.
My 6, 13, 14, is a kind of beverage.
My 4, 11, 7, is a near relative.
My 1, 6, 10, is a valuable household vessel.
My whole is a large city in Europe.

E. CLARK.

Factoryville, Wyoming Co., Pa.

Metagram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four feet I own—my numbers who can tell?
And many find delight with me to dwell.
My first foot changed, I take wing as a bird;
Then change my last, a long, deep sound is heard.
Change first and last and what I then remain,
By my first whole no profit e'er can gain.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three numbers, such that if 6 be subtracted from the 1st and 2d, the remainder will be in the ratio of 2 to 3; if 30 be added to the 1st and 3d, the sums will be in the ratio of 3 to 4; but if 10 be subtracted from the 2d and 3d, the remainder will be as 4 is to 5.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Interest Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owes B $200, and gives him C's note for $100, which has been on interest 5 years at 6 per cent., and then gives him his own note for $100, to be paid in 5 years without interest. Query—Did A overpay B, and, if so, how much?

MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a fanciful idea entertained by a negro like a certain avocation? Ans.—Because it's a *black's myth.*

☞ When is a ship like a book? Ans.—When it is outward bound, of course.

☞ What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Ans.—We read that he was hemmed in on every side.

☞ Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Ans.—Because he is an ass.

Answers to Last.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Mount Pleasant.
RIDDLE—Factoryville.

Always Beautiful.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked, which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see stars shine through."

☞ Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

☞ A little three-year old was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly, "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the mices?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically, "Does God keep a cat?" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better play.

☞ A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't begin to snore before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

☞ Americans are generally known on European railways by the fact that they rise in their seats as the cars approach a station.